VOGUE

Hat News

Suit News

Reader Issue

V O

January 15, 1947 Price 35 Cents

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Vibrant and decorative as a modernists' canvas! This exquisite coat by Harry-Williams Ltd., in touch-soft Stroock Cloud Drift. The colors borrowed from a Matisse masterpiece. About $65. Duchess acetate rayon lined. At one fine store in most cities or write.

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A department of Grossman & Spiegel, Inc., 512 Seventh Avenue, New York 18, N. Y.

B. H. Wragge's Panama classic

The long-waisted classic dress, creamy color of a Panama hat, 35.00 Short-sleeved jacket of B. H. Wragge herringbone, 45.00 Matching feed bag, 25.00 Exclusives in our B. H. Wragge Shop, Sports Fifth Floor

White Plains • Palm Beach • Miami Beach

I. Magnin + Co.
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Horst—Vogue Studios

Nathalie Nicoli
cocktail hour cutaway;
Forstmann wool crusted with
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Los Angeles

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Vol. 109, No. 2
Whole No. 1779

JOFFE VOGUE STUDIOS

Enka Rayon

Brooke Cadwallader's American-butterfly print in a Milmont dinner gown... sprinkled with sequins. Blum's Vogue, Chicago; Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh The Jenny Co., Cincinnati; Neiman-Marcus, Dallas

Enka Rayon, 206 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N.Y.

Morris Kraus tapers your waist to a tiny circle with a downward pyramid of buttons and half a belt. Forstmann's hazy wool checks from our Designer Collections.

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

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Write for the Name of the Store Nearest You

photo by Mike Elliot
bring your trunks empty
...take them back full
of beach costumes like this Orange Grove print
of Hesgo rayon broadcloth,
designed by Louella Ballerina
exclusively for Burdine's.
An Original Sunshine Fashion
in grey and persimmon, lime and teal,
hot orange and soft green.
Sizes 10-18. 14.95.
Burdine's
Sunshine Fashions
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Flame-vivid print from Celanese' Creative Fabrics for 1947—source of the beautiful materials Celanese produces each season for leading American designers. Fashioned here in a patio dinner dress for resort wear. Celanese Corporation of America, New York 16.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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Crown Tested

Jewels by Van Cleef & Arpels

Fabric Sorcery...this bewitching dinner dress, artfully bare—entrancingly slim, with a rounded hipline and molded bodice. Designed by Ted Shore for resort dining and dancing in Belding's Spellbound, a CROWN* Tested 1.0 denier, all spun rayon. At J. W. Robinson Co., Los Angeles.

**This identification is awarded only to fabrics containing CROWN rayon, after they have passed the CROWN Tests for serviceability. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. American Viscose Corporation, 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.*

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Resort life

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McMullen

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HAT BY JOHN-FREDERICS

FRANK GALLANT'S prelude to spring . . . suit in Forstmann's Milateen . . . black, navy, cameron brown, thistledown beige, waterlily blue. $89.95

Naturally at Himelhoch's Detroit

curve-pleasing and conversation-prompting, dorothy o'hara's rayon crepe dress of california authentic's colorful hand-screened print, "Harvey Girl", combined with longer, draped, black skirt, 35.00 • fashion salon (misses' sizes) third floor

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Write for Fashion Booklet V

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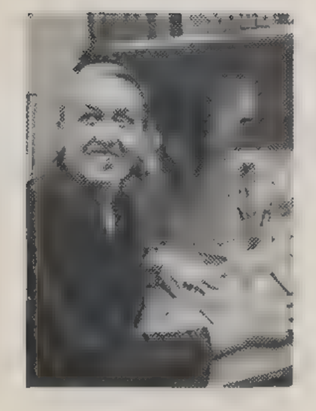

Arrived! Vera Maxwell's Poet-Suit!

Just see what talented designer Vera Maxwell makes of Milliken's wonderful new fabric, cashmere blended with virgin wool! This soft-line suit, with its cut-away peplum, its velvet Byron-bow, can travel South . . . or stay North under furs.

Arrived! Willowy Teddy Thurman!

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Milliken

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HAT BY PETER BONDI

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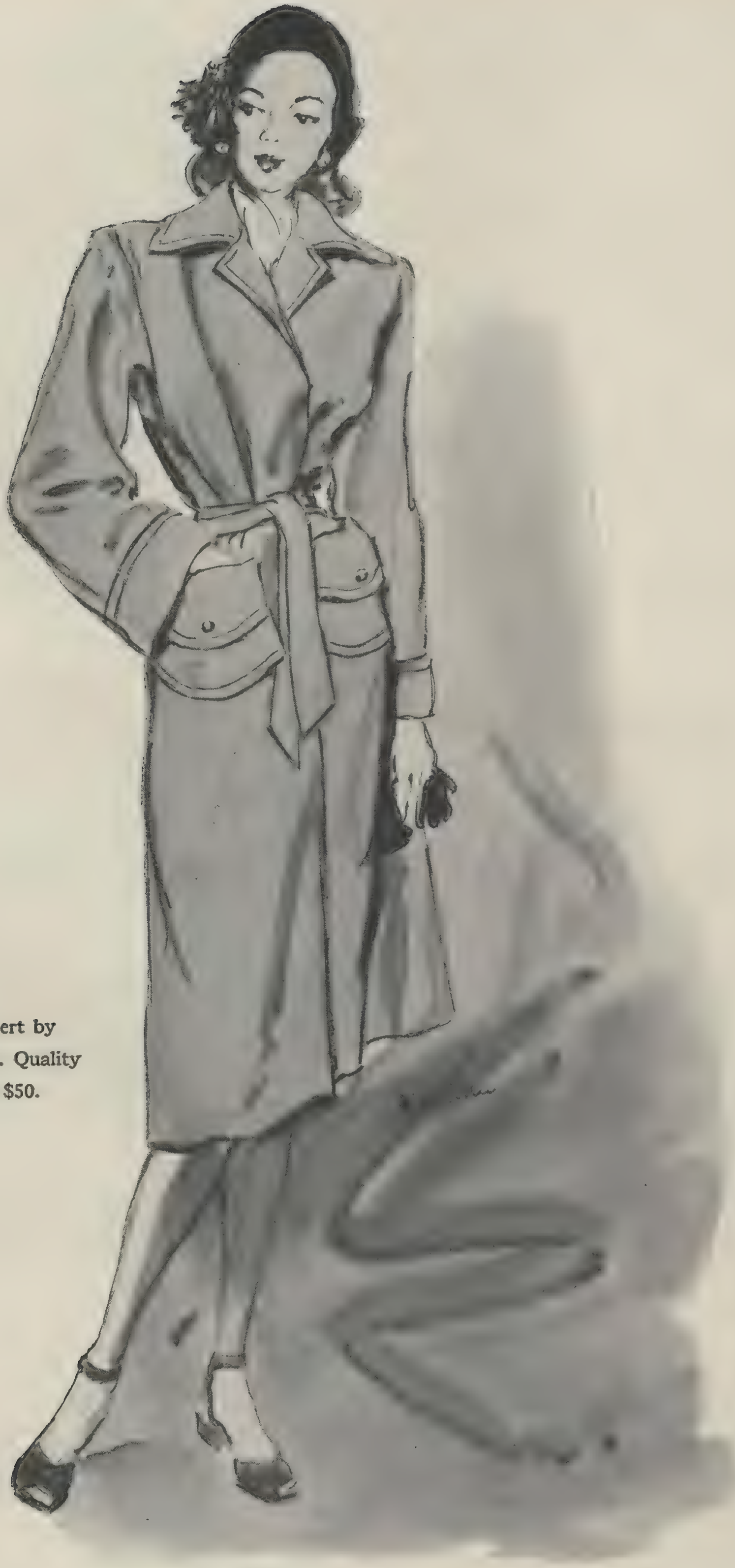

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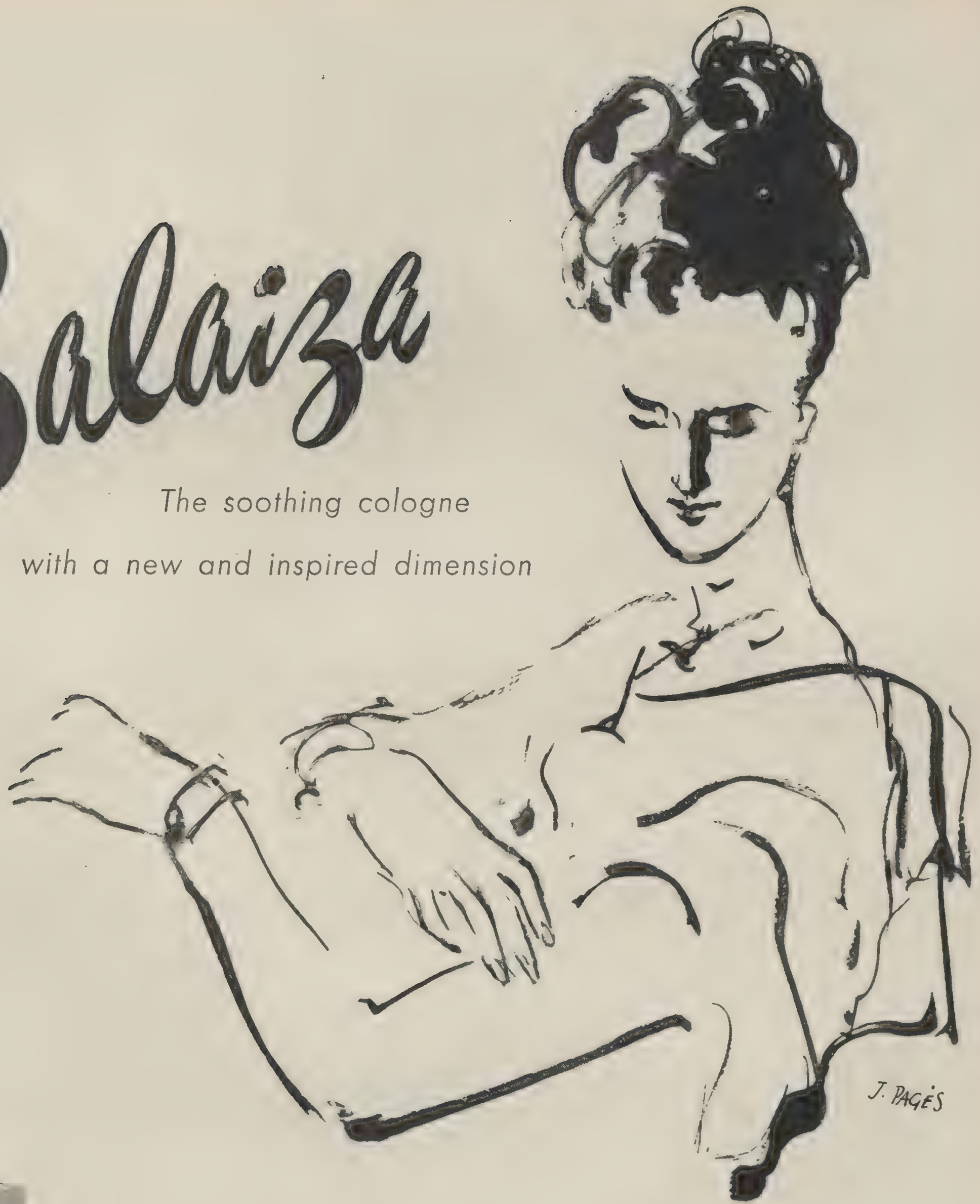

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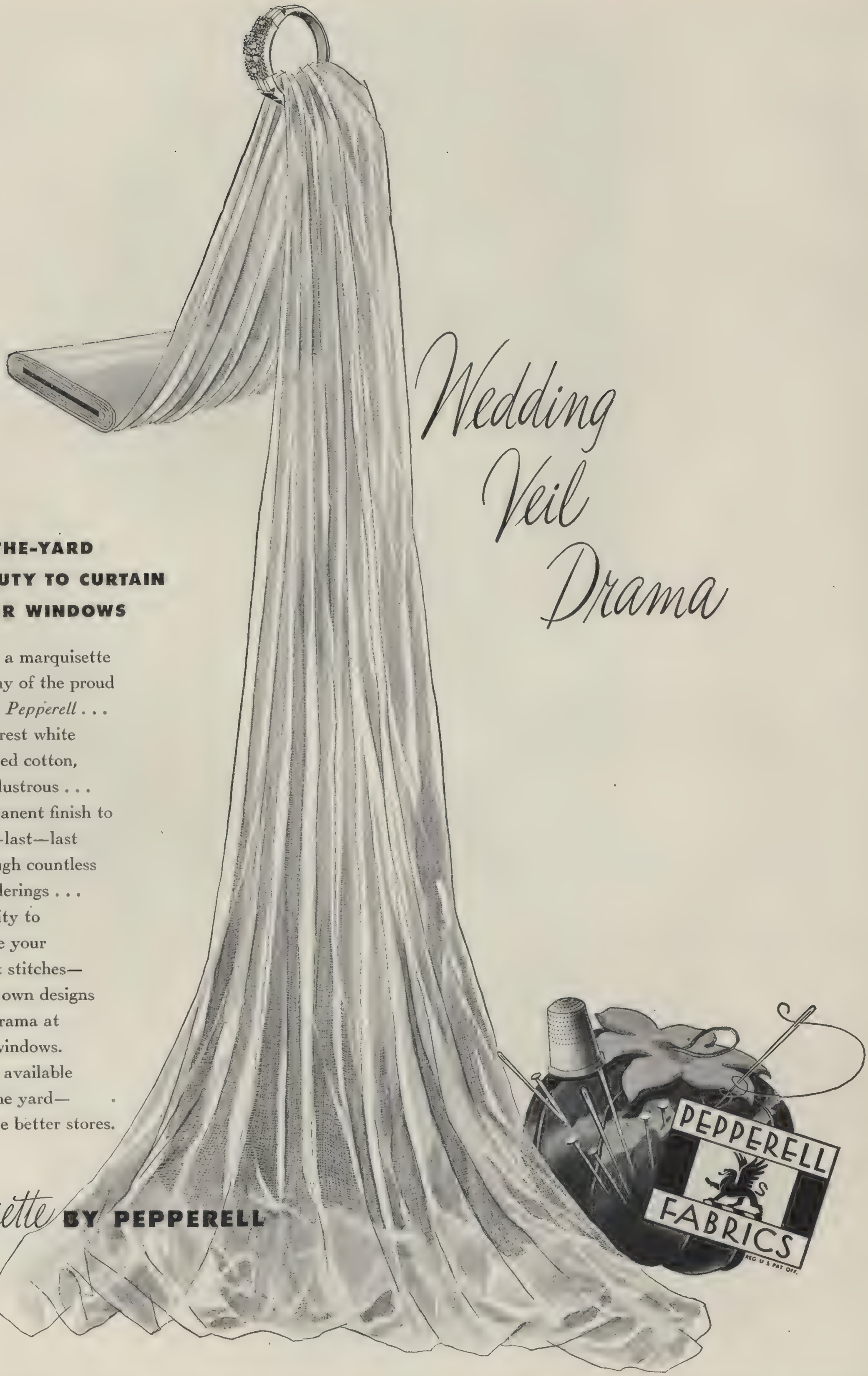

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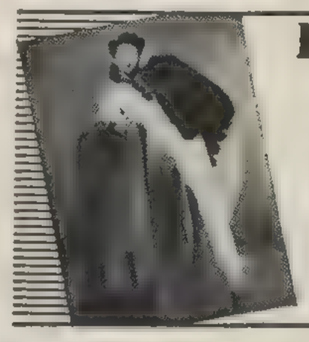
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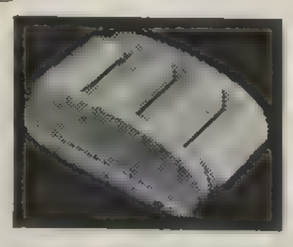

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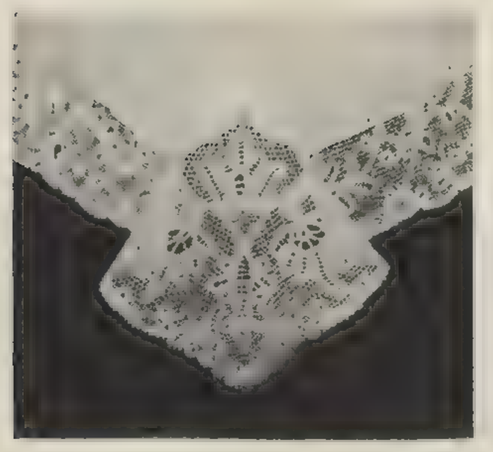

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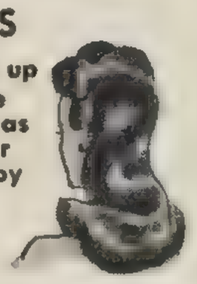

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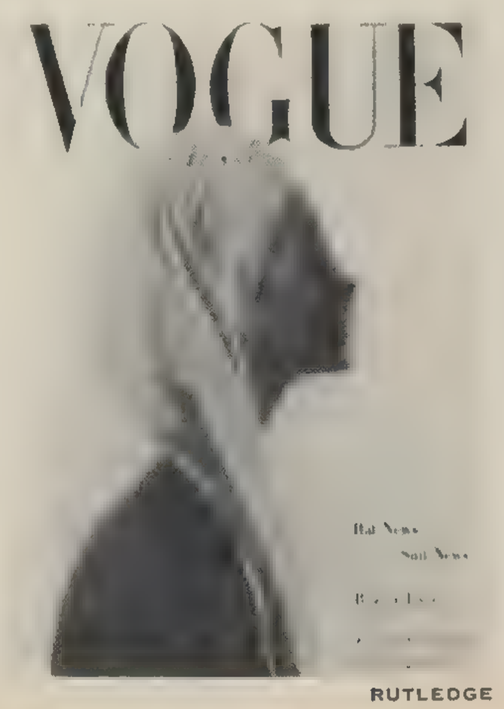

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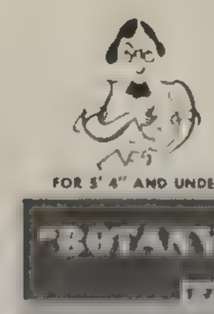

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Vogue's eye view of the Winter Reader's writers

MARGUERITE YOUNG

This poet, novelist, author of *Angel in the Forest,* is a critical thinker on contemporary writing and writers. Her novel-in-progress, now called *The Worm in the Wheat,* follows the duality of truth in illusion. (See page 84.)

G. W. STONIER

Novelist, author of *Shaving through the Blitz,* the funniest English war book. As "William Whitebait" (his pseudonym), he reviews films for the *New Statesman and Nation.* (Page 89.)

RAYMOND MORTIMER

Literary editor of the *New Statesman and Nation,* he is also an art critic...intuitive and exact. His books, published in England, include the war-written *Channel Packet* and *Manet's "Bar aux Folies Bergère."* (Page 81.)

DOROTHY SAYERS

The creator of "Lord Peter Wimsey," she is famous for detective novels, now writes mainly on religion. Her essays, *Unpopular Opinions,* to be published here, include the one on page 86.

LOUIS UNTERMEYER

A man who loves to laugh, likes even other people's wit, is a kind of publisher's centrifugal force. He has six new books out, three of poets, three anthologies, including the monumental *Treasury of Laughter.* (See page 82.)

JAMES BRANCH CABELL

A notable Virginian who invented his own mythology for *Jurgen,* caused a 1919 literary-legal controversy. From his myth-shedding new book *Let Me Lie,* the essay on page 90.

JOHN HOUSEMAN

A director, his gamut has run from co-directing (with Orson Welles) the Mercury Theatre, to directing Gertrude Stein's opera "Four Saints"; much more recently, the tough murder movie, "The Blue Dahlia."

ALLENE TALMEY

Vogue's feature editor, she has just returned from six weeks in Europe... touching Dublin, London, Paris. The Paris "quick notes," part of her observations, are on page 92.

NATHANIEL BENCHLEY

Article writer and theatre critic of *Newsweek,* he inherited a ramshackle, optimistic wit from his father, Robert Benchley. He does cartoons, in the style of the limp youths of his *Harvard Lampoon* days. (See page 83.)

NANCY FLAGG

A resolute individualist, she shows that quality sharply in her writing. Very recently an associate feature editor of Vogue, she is now married, living in Haiti. (See page 102.)

The suit

The key to the early collections lies in the enthusiasm of designers for more fabric, for the freedom to change the silhouette provided in the lifting of L-85 restrictions. Day skirts are all five minutes longer; some have extended to ten inches off the street. The shoulders are moving away from the over-stuffed padding to being held up by your own good bones. The casual look has gone out of town; these suits demand wearing. There is a fine thought for femininity—careful scissoring to rid the shapes of clutter, to refine the line, neck to hem.

Jackets of the suits may be short—bolero or bellhop; longer to wrist length—or, longest of all, almost to the knee. Some long and some short hang straight; some suits are shaped by a belt at the back and some shape your figure by padding over the hipbones. Norfolk jackets and the 1913 jersey cardigan are back. Real pockets are permissible and they sometimes come double or triple measure, are sloped to slim the side glance, lengthen the back line. Necklines are simpler; there are Peter Pan, Lord Byron, Buster Brown collars.

The skirt follows the jacket lead. It is ruled narrow for long coats to protect an unbroken silhouette. For the shorter jacket, the skirt springs pleats—accordion, boxed, knife—full only in motion, explicitly shaped for static slimness. The middle-long jackets from World War I parade the longest skirts, slit-sloped in front. The long-torso blouse is now established.

Wherewithal for these suits has, in many cases, been found in men's suiting types—fine worsteds and sub-plaided materials, street stripes. White suits—in tweeds and fleeces hesitant to pick up dirt—are offered for elegant town wear. There is an absence of colour; all is tone; neutrals are good. The annual exception is the soft skipper blue, navy-blue, pilot blue. Perennial grey flannels are many—and a bit darker; jersey is combined with wool; wool with satin. There is the fresh look of two shades together—three with the blouse.

Sum total of your suit is the knowledgeable choice of accessories. Handbags have returned to the hand; they may be satchel type or a boxy pouch. Gloves are up over the cuffs. Ribbons are laid in place on the shoulder, secured with a batch of jewelled stickpins or a clump of gold jewellery. Ombré scarfs at the neck, in the pocket, in the hand will make news. Stockings shadow the suit; suit shoes have closed toes, and heels up to Cuban height.

The hat

Seen with an early spring eye, ALL hats are ON the head. Little neat hats, silhouetting the shape of your head, look right; the big hat, fitted to the crown back and front, with an elliptical swoop from side to side, is the dramatic exception. Brows are revealed; the forward look is rarely seen; the brims curl upward quickly. In all small hats, the simplicity of the shape is sweet contradiction to the sophistication of feathers, veilings, flowers, ribbons.

Felts are moulded to the head; small berets are flattened, side-swept with cunning. Fedora-inspired straws and brimmed sailors tilt up to bare a neat hairline. Turbans are pre-fabricated—leave the designer's hands gently, but firmly, all put together. Turbans and toques often have a one-sided look; are made in satin, silk taffeta—are more hair-covering than hat, so closely do they cling to the natural crown, follow coiffure-shape.

The colours are all colours. Black is not in ascendancy. The small straw is apt to be white straw, perfect mark to men's-wear suitings with their white stripes laid on grey, on beige. Other trimly shaped straws may be sun-burnt, lemon-y, bright blue navy. The fabric hats are sulky, muted yellow—sunny pinks—or, in the silks, softly plaided, brilliantly striped. Vivid hues not *in the suits are found in hats; or, the hat completes a monochromatic effect.*

Effects in the bigger hats are achieved by almost unrelieved simplicity. The small hats use every provocative trimming trick. Cloches may have dozens of *fleurs de rocaille* sewn into the covering veil; simple white fedoras and roll-brim straws go into reverse with yards of mascara-black veiling, or lace-banded veils that fall on the shoulder. Some hats are sashed in apricot, cherry or peach satin ribbon—trimmed with pastel feathers in a soft swirl—or black feathers upright over an eye. There is apt to be movement in the trimmings—the loose ends of ribbons, the ruffle of a ruching, a feather, thick fringe, the bob of gilt-edged roses.

Spring will produce variations on the hat that hugs, fits, moulds. Even the larger bicorne on page 97, pushed to shape back and front, is close to the brow and nape. As shoulders narrow and approach the normal, big hats may out-distance the small hat—give the silhouette flattering top-width—accent the rose on stem look. Veils, lace and patterned scarfs will be tied on under hats—as neat and complete as if no hat were expected.

RAWLINGS

The long, free line

the suit

Jacket growing longer—nearly as long silk blouse. Jacket belted at the back. Black Forstmann wool gabardine suit by Nettie Rosenstein. About $275. Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; The Dayton Co. Hat by Walter Florell.

Ribboned sailor

Ribboned cloche

Ribboned bonnet

RUTLEDGE

Ribboned turban

the hat

Top, left: *Settled, brow-baring sailor with one red rose, navy-blue ribbon. Bergdorf Goodman.*
Top, right: *Well-down black straw cloche, winged, chartreuse ribboned. Florence Reichman.*
Below, left: *Beige straw bonnet, ribbons low, one-sided. Tatiana du Plessix of Saks Fifth.*
Below, right: *Turban down on the head, tied on one side. Of ribbon in violets. Mme. Pauline.*

RUTLEDGE

Small... ribboned

the hat

One of the year's early, augural little hats...made to fit the head; made to fit back on the head. The shape: young, neat, and uninvolved. The surprise: the huge black bow. $55. Sally Victor; Hudson's; J. W. Robinson. Earrings, Cartier.

The jacket: shortest

The jacket: cut up

The cloth: men's-wear

RAWLINGS

The skirt: pleated

the suit

Top, left: *Skipper blue, white piqué. By Jo Copeland in Forstmann wool. $155. Saks Fifth.*
Top, right: *Fitted above the waist, curved below. Dark grey wool suit, $145. Henri Bendel.*
Below, left: *Beige and brown suiting. By Jablow in John Walther wool. $95. Bloomingdale.*
Below, right: *Accordion-pleated navy-blue wool. By Adele Simpson. $110. Bonwit Teller.*

RAWLINGS

the suit

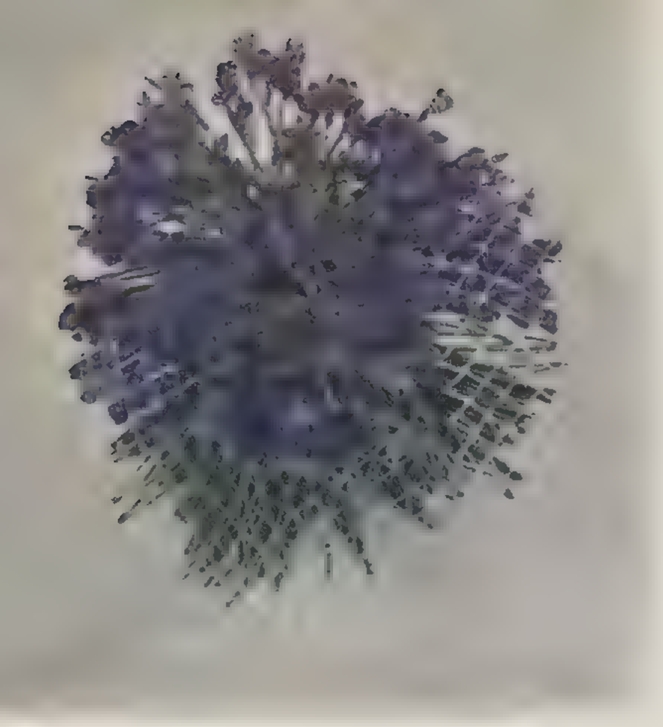
The longer, fitted line *Close jacket, very long. Narrow skirt—lengthening. Checked wool suit by Capri. $110. Franklin Simon; Jordan Marsh; Carson Pirie Scott.*

the hat

A turban... striped *Opposite is one of this year's turbans whose folds are casual by prearrangement...not wound to vaulting heights, but dropped to one side. Wear it with a black suit for afternoon, dinner. $89.50. Lilly Daché; Marshall Field; Vandervoort's.*

RUTLEDGE

Flavour for your suit

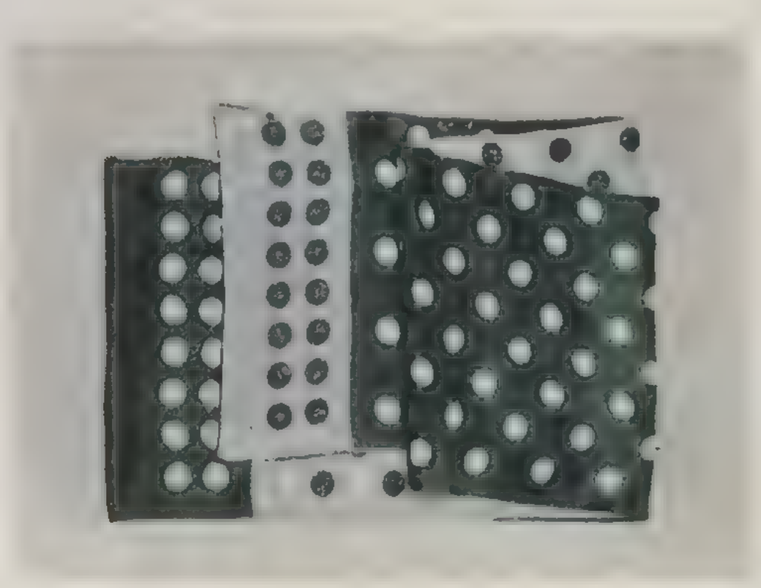


First of spring: violets. $5. Saks Fifth. And for a small, close hat, coarse white veiling.

Collector's hat pins; show on a collector's ribbon. These are jewelled gold, from $17 to $95*, at the Hammer Galleries.*

New again, necessary again—mid-high heels for city suits. Blue calf by Mademoiselle. $13. Lord & Taylor.

Alligator bag, new-again dark blue; for warm brown, grey suits. By Koret, $165. Henri Bendel.*



Big-dotted green and white scarf; Ascot shape, to make a close, neat neckline. Of rayon twill, and both sides are pretty. By Echo, $4.50. Henri Bendel.

Suède shoes, by Delman. $20. Bergdorf Goodman. Aberle's misty taupe nylons. Wanamaker.

Dark-and-white silk scarf, $20. Mady Martell. Chamois gloves, made to order by Merry Hull.

Pin a special ribbon with ancient masks: gold-plated, $75. Pan American Shop.*

Feather carnations, to flavour a suit. $4. Doeskin gloves; by Superb. $8. Saks Fifth.

For any suit, a deep, double-strapped calf bag—good shape, good sheen, good colour. Dofan, $55. Bergdorf Goodman.*

Black suède shoes, by Hill & Dale. $13. Lord & Taylor. Artcraft's Blue Hose nylons.

*PLUS TAX

Mock diamonds, moonstones. Gold-plated pin, $19; earrings, $20*. By Josanna. Bonwit Teller, Phila.*

BAKER

Continuing, the one bold jewel; great deep Ceylon sapphire wreathed in diamonds. Verdura.

If you are tall, slim-ankled: ballet boots are fun for suits. These are bare-backed, black suède cloth. By Capezio, $11. At Bonwit Teller.

Continuing, under suits: the long-sleeved, little-collared classic blouse. Rayon crêpe, $23. Bergdorf Goodman.

Returning, dark blue alligator; a longish city bag. By Koret, $185. Bonwit Teller.*

Ombré scarves, china silk, from black to grey; deep to hardly-orange. By Glentex, $10. Altman.

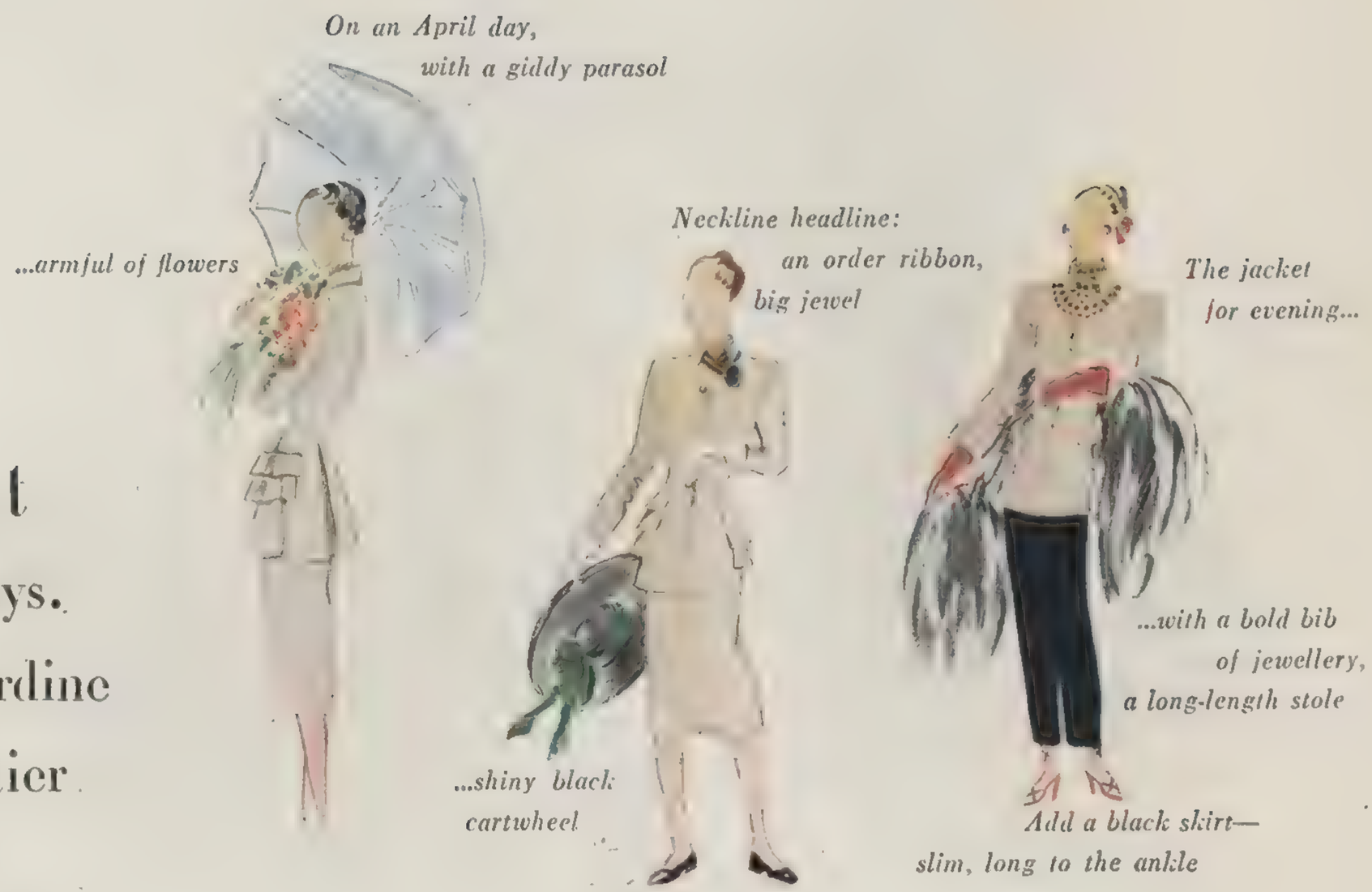
Huge silk square for spring greys, summer whites—navy, clear canary yellow. By Ascarf, $17. Susan Penny

Returning, with the mid-high heel: one-strap shoes, rust calf. By Sarra Sandler; about $14. Saks Fifth.

For spring journeys, tuck fresh spring scarfs, gloves into a square, oversize bag: black lizard calf. $60, at Mark Cross.*

This spring, you might narrow your belt again—cowhide, $7.50. Deer-skin gloves, to order. $20. Phelps.

Stick pins, jewels-in-miniature to collect, to cluster on a ribbon, a collar, a scarf. $10 to $100.* At Art Trading Co.*



One suit

...three ways.

A grège gabardine with a triple tier of pockets.

A JABLOW SUIT AT ALTMAN. $119.

One suit

...four ways pencil-stripe jacket, pencil-slim skirt.

COPPOLA SUIT AT LORD AND TAYLOR. $125.

The suit: longer jacket, white

Opposite: White wool gabardine jacket, rounded at the hips and sloped to a newly long back...with wide-line pockets, a quick up-or-down collar. Navy-blue wool skirt. Adele Simpson, Saks Fifth; Garfinckel's; Harzfeld's. About $110. The magenta order ribbon clipped in place with a mass of gold (from the Pan American Shop). Plaid roller, matching bag, John-Frederics. John-Frederics "Golden Arrow" lipstick, #2.

RAWLINGS ACCESSORY IDEAS AND DRAWINGS, BABS RAWLINGS

One suit ...five ways.

Off-white worsted, diagonally fastened waist to shoulder.

PAUL PARNES SUIT, BERGDORF GOODMAN, $110.

One suit ...three ways.

Nipped-in white tweed jacket with flared navy-blue skirt.

HERBERT SONDHEIM SUIT. HENRI BENDEL. $110.

Opposite: New look—and permitted with lifting of L-85 restrictions—the longer jacket, rounded, rippling in back. Here in mauve woollen teamed with a deep-navy skirt, starch-white blouse, and red-and-pink carnations for spring measure. About $215. Henri Bendel, Joseph Horne, Frost Bros. Complements: a navy-blue alligator satchel by Koret. $165, plus tax. At Henri Bendel. Bendel's "Dawn" lipstick.

The suit: mauve jacket, shaped

ACCESSORY IDEAS AND DRAWINGS, BABS RAWLINGS PHOTOGRAPH BY RAWLINGS

LEE MILLER

HENRY MOORE WITH HIS RUSSIAN-BORN WIFE, IRINA

COLLECTION: ROLAND PENROSE

CAST IN GLEAMING GREY LEAD, "THE HELMET"

A TERRA-COTTA MAQUETTE, "THREE STANDING FIGURES"

A DETAIL FROM "TWO SLEEPING SHELTERERS"

COLLECTION: WILLIAM WALTON

CARVED OF CONCRETE, "MOTHER AND CHILD"

COLLECTION: IAN PHILLIPS

Henry Moore

ENGLAND'S FOREMOST SCULPTOR—HIS WORK, A SHOW OF POWER, IS NOW AT THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART

by

Raymond Mortimer

"WOMEN WINDING WOOL" COLLECTION: W. H. JANSON

RATHER over a century ago Canning, who was then Britain's Prime Minister, was offered, by a proud host, a glass of a new type of wine. He tasted it; made a grimace; and gave his verdict: "A man who says he likes this will say anything!" I have met with a similar incredulity sometimes when I have admitted, in unsuitable company, to an admiration for Picasso's paintings or Henry Moore's carvings. But what was the wine that Canning thought so obviously disgusting? Dry champagne. Previously all champagne had been sweet; and the first reaction to anything unfamiliar is apt to be dismay.

Picasso is now generally accepted as a man of genius by everyone under seventy who spends much time looking at pictures. Moore, who is young enough to be Picasso's son, is still a subject for controversy. People have not had time to get used to his work. The Post-Impressionist way of painting has long since made its influence felt in posters and textiles; nor would any but the most unsophisticated complain of a landscape or a nude for not being "like." But the analogous approach to sculpture has enjoyed much less success, and none of its practitioners has yet attained the world-wide celebrity of Matisse, Picasso, and Rouault.

The first emotion excited by a Moore carving is likely to be disquietude, or even alarm. Though the human body has provided the subject, the final result is inhuman. This, of course, is a liberty that many of the best contemporary artists have taken when painting the figure. We may be reminded also of the methods used by men all over the world when making images of their gods—in Egypt, deities with the head of a hawk or a jackal; in Assyria, winged bulls with bearded human heads; in India, bodhisattvas with eight heads and a hundred arms; and a whole multitudinous Olympus of fetiches and idols from Africa, the Americas, and the Pacific.

It is with these that Henry Moore's carvings usually invite comparison rather than with the Elgin Marbles, or the masterpieces of Donatello and Michelangelo. European sculptors, whose aim was not humanistic but religious, were inspired to emphasize the dignity of the human frame. The incomparable figures on the west portal of Chartres are distorted indeed, but the distortion serves only to make them nobler and more majestic.

Moore, on the other hand, uses the human form as a theme upon which to devise variations in plastic form, variations that display original harmonies between convex and concave forms.

Looking at some of his recumbent figures I have found it more profitable to avoid all thought of the human frame which inspired them, and to compare them rather with a range of hills or a coast eroded into caves by the ocean. Hitherto sculptors have never treated landscape, except occasionally, in the background of a relief. But landscape, one notices, has increasingly taken the place of the nude figure as the subject most inspiring to the painter. And Moore's figures often suggest that he has been influenced by the *(Continued on page 146)*

HENRY MOORE, SKETCHED BY VOGUE'S ARTIST, RENÉ R. BOUCHÉ

Women aren't funny!

THE HAND THAT ROCKS THE CRADLE SELDOM ROCKS THE AUDIENCE

by

Louis Untermeyer

NAUTICAL Helen, who, without a word, launched a thousand ships, could scarcely launch a quip in her soft murmurings to Paris. Nor is Cleopatra, who tossed off pearls in her wine but not in her conversation, remembered for her aphorisms. And so on through the catalogue of those ladies who have disappeared in the snows of yesteryear. Like the story of the sleeping beauty and the offended fairy godmother, Thalia, the lively Muse of Comedy, must have been ignored at the christening of the first girl baby. The ladies are just not funny. Men have argued for centuries about woman's varied and dazzling attributes; they have celebrated everything except her clowning glory.

Almost a hundred years ago there appeared Parton's *Humorous Poetry of the English Language*, a fat and juicy volume ranging from rowdy Chaucer to our own Artemus Ward, he of the "funetic" frontier spelling. The book, which was an enormously successful anthology, included narratives, satire, burlesques, parodies, enigmas, travesties—everything, in fact, that might get a laugh, a grin, a cackle, or even a gentle chuckle. There was not one line in it by a woman. Only too painfully aware of his unchivalrous omission, Parton ruefully wrote in his Preface: "The alleged foibles of the Fair have given occasion to libraries of comic verse. Yet, with diligent research, no humorous poems by women have been found which are of merit sufficient to give them claim to a collection like this."

"That was a hundred years ago," affronted feminists will hurl at me. "Since then we've had Dorothy Parker, Ruth McKenney, Katherine Dayton, Cornelia Otis Skinner, Sally Benson, Clare Luce, E. M. Delafield, Margery Sharp, Angela Thirkell (sometimes known as the vicious Thirkell), the Mary Roberts Rinehart of *Tish*, the Victoria Lincoln of *February Hill*, Mary Petty, Helen Hokinson...." They pause only for lack of breath. "What about Jane Austen?" a lady in the third row fixes me with a baleful stare. "Or the shy, cosmic laughter of Emily Dickinson?" This from a fluttering poetess who can—and will—recite "How dreary to be somebody" without the slightest provocation.

The last word has not yet been said—not even by a woman. Women are often humorous. They are sometimes satirical. But who would pit even the best of them against Horace, Juvenal, Cervantes, Rabelais, Swift, Sterne, Voltaire, Heine, Twain, Thurber?

The art of insult is one of the oldest forms of repartee. Indulging in it, women have often achieved palpable hits; but, even at their sharpest, their attack is feline and the result is a scratch rather than a fatal wound. When men use the retort discourteous, the barb is not only pointed but tipped with a deadly poison. It is said that Lady Diana Manners once tried to put Noel Coward in his place. "I saw you in your play 'The Vortex,'" said the foolhardy titled lady, "and, Noel, I didn't think you were funny." "My dear Lady Diana," answered Coward, "I saw you as the Madonna in 'The Miracle,' and I thought you were a scream!"

An eighteenth-century exchange of broadsides reinforces the point. The playwright Richard Brinsley Sheridan had publicly praised Congreve's "The Way of the World," which some considered an immoral drama. An irate and highly principled lady wrote a letter, remarking that such an opinion was not worth "three skips of a louse." Sheridan printed the letter and added that, although the language was rather strong, " a woman must be forgiven for mentioning whatever is going through her head."

Innumerable anecdotes, mostly apocryphal, have been told about the purr-and-pounce methods of Dorothy Parker. Although most of her celebrated ripostes were directed against women, she did not spare the opposite sex. Once, after a dinner party, Miss Parker was laughing at the antics of a wit who was also something of a clown. Her partner, an over-educated young snob, was scornful. "I'm afraid I can't join in the merriment," he said disdainfully. "I can't bear a fool." "That's queer," said Miss Parker, "your mother could."

Personally, I have a few theories why men have something close to a monopoly on wit. Some of these speculations are even creditable to the fair-to-middling sex. Women, since the time of Mr. and Mrs. Ug, Cave 4-B, Upper, Atlantis, have been great supporters of man's *amour propre*. When the Ugs attended a dinosaur roast in the Thugs' adjacent cave, Mrs. Ug dutifully laughed at Mr. Ug's witticism about the *(Continued on page 118)*

Aren't women funny!

WOMEN ARE "WITTY, COMICAL, AMUSING," ACCORDING TO THE DICTIONARY

by

Nathaniel Benchley

THE other day, when I dropped in at my office to take a nap, I found a letter from Vogue, asking me if I thought women were "funny—witty, amusing, comical" and if so, to write an article stating the case. By strange coincidence, I had just finished writing an article for *"Cat's Life,"* proving that Maltese cats like to sleep on the second floor of three-floor houses, so I felt that my reasoning powers were sufficiently sharpened to accept the assignment. Here it goes, then: Women are funny—witty, amusing, comical.

I have no idea what the opposition is saying in this argument, but I doubt that he can deny that Beatrice Lillie is funny, or that there are any number of women who, in one way or another, can provoke laughter. I, on the other hand, am certainly not going to say that *all* women are funny, any more than I would say that all men are funny. It all depends on how you look at it. Once someone makes a clear-cut definition of what is funny and what is not, then we can be a little more specific. But don't stay under water until that definition comes along.

So, taking up the second point, we say that women are witty. That is alleged to mean: "Quick or ready in the perception or expression of amusing congruities and incongruities; cleverly facetious." Anyone who has heard the tone of voice in which one woman says to another, "Darling, you've never looked lovelier," when they meet at a party wearing similar get-ups, will know the true meaning of the words "cleverly facetious." Sometimes, of course, it gets broadly unclever, but Dorothy Parker's immortal: "Don't forget to throw your mother a bone," should be able to carry the laurels for her less subtle sisters for some time to come. As for the congruities and incongruities part I can think of several examples, but the nicest mélange came from a girl whom I heard saying, in an airy, offhand way, "Well, after all, I'm much more intelligent than lots of people who are even stupider than I am."

Now, coming to "amusing," it appears that Webster was thinking of women when he defined the word.

Well, where should we start? The imagination reels at the thought of all the examples which could be brought to bear on the various definitions and synonyms; a few of the more general ones will have to suffice. I rather like "to divert the attention of in order to deceive"; although archaic, it reminds me of something that happened to a friend of mine just a little while ago. This friend, whom we shall call Hubert L. Steffins, 28, of 86-65 Astoria Boulevard, Long Island City, Queens, was courting a girl named Leila, who lived in Throg's Neck, the Bronx. Every night Hubert would climb into his Stutz Bearcat and drive out to Throg's Neck, where he and Leila would sit and look at the lights over in Whitestone Landing, Queens, and he would tell her about his work in the Everlast Cellophane Company. But Leila liked Hubert, partially because she hoped to God that some day she would get a chance to ride in the Stutz Bearcat instead of looking at the lights in Whitestone Landing.

Then one night when Hubert arrived at Leila's house she asked him if he would be a lamb and mail a letter for her, which she said was important. He asked her where the post office was, and she told him truthfully that it was at Eighth Avenue and Thirty-third Street, Manhattan. So off he went, and when he got back to Leila's house, three hours and ten minutes later, she said she had a splitting headache and would he mind if she went to bed. This sort of thing kept up for three weeks and Hubert began to wonder.

Finally, Hubert's wonder changed to doubt, so when she gave him the usual letter he just went around the block and then came back, and peered in the window. There was Leila, sitting in the lap of a man whom Hubert had never seen, but he knew that Leila didn't look as though she had a headache. He drove away and was arrested after five blocks, for having 1945 license plates on his car. He never spoke to Leila again. So much for diverting the attention in order to deceive.

For another angle on the "amusing" category, we have the definition: "Entertainment, esp. when characterized by quiet mirth." It doesn't say on whose part the mirth is, but we can assume it is the person being entertained. The Helen Hokinson women in "The New Yorker," for example, represent the type of woman whose behaviour Miss Hokinson scarcely needs exaggerate to make funny. They are, granted, unconsciously amusing, but the book doesn't say anything about *(Continued on page 118)*

Illusion is the key

ABOUT OUR ELEGANTLY MENTAL YOUNG WRITERS AND THEIR DEALINGS WITH ILLUSION

by

Marguerite Young

OUR lives, we now recognize as perhaps never before, are made up of illusions—illusion of stability, of conscience, of universal love. To recognize the illusion as such is not to say that we could not live without it. We need, for instance, the illusion of time. Yes, we are all, writers or not, in the interesting situation of recognizing larger and larger areas of illusion. We can not seem to come, meanwhile, to an agreement. Each is individual. Our writers are rediscovering that individual, who was not dethroned, after all, by the various threats to his existence. A present tendency is that the writer, recognizing a particular area of illusions, examines the thing, tears it into pieces in the very act of creating it. This, of course, has always been the way of art. It was abandoned only by the hardboiled school which wished to sweep all the illusions out of the world, at one blow.

Reason creates, like all intelligence, a secondary and symbolic world. Our intelligence may deceive us into believing in a reality corresponding to it where there is none or almost none. Suppose the average person does not recognize, in spite of the brute facts, his self-deception, that what he plans can not be realized any more than, by a sudden edict, we could bring heaven to earth?

Such problems are pursued by surely one of our most gifted novelists, the thoughtful Carson McCullers, a pioneer individualist. Perhaps not quite thirty years old, the author of three novels, she has recently sailed to France—wishing to arrive there before it becomes a tourists' paradise, for ruins are her subject. I can trust that, if she associates with the Parisian Existentialists who declare that life has no meaning, she will keep her bearings. She will be assured that life has many meanings though they have an illusory base. There is the unity of human relationships you dream of but which does not exist, as she shows in her first novel, *The Heart is a Lonely Hunter.* In this, a deaf mute is the key figure. Considered substantial, he is insubstantial. Yet to recognize the illusion of unity is, in this case, not to abandon it. Pity, a brooding pity lies over this work and touches every life. Pity for the fact that all people are erroneous, all are, in some sense, fragile and defective. Out of their very errors, creation may come. The more macabre *Reflections in a Golden Eye* gives the negative aspects of this search for unity, since here it is sporadic and allied with a search for death. Of her three books, the most recent, surely the best novel of 1946, *The Member of the Wedding* approaches most nearly to being a direct critique of illusions. Illusion of unity, of universal love, of a dreamlike goal which is taken for real. Outwardly, this deeply symbolic tale is the simple story of a child's green summer. Yet from the very first page, a key is given—the problems are those of an allegory, a morality. They relate to the human propensity to expect what can not be realized. As you reach your goal, it fades in consciousness. You have another ahead of you. The goal is never reached. Thus it is that all of us live more or less by faith in something which can never happen.

Two details of this novel may indicate its spirit. Berenice, the Negro cook, has in her dark head her own winking eye and a blue glass unwinking eye with which she stares at nothingness. The blue glass eye represents her dream of being a member of the undivided human race. Can such a world be realized? It may be, but not in her time, she thinks—and perfection of that glassy world would be imperfect if it did not include her dead husband. Also, all summer long, playing at three-handed bridge, Berenice and Frankie, the long-legged child, are unaware that a card is missing. The missing card is the reality of the symbol. The missing card is the most important one.

The immediate, according to George Santayana, is that which nobody sees—the intelligible, at the opposite pole, is that which nobody knows with finality. There, I think, is a good definition of fiction—the wedding of two chimeras, that immediate which nobody sees, that intelligible which nobody knows as final. Man is an image and an abstraction. He is illusory to begin with, nine-tenths illusion like nine-tenths water. More and more, he

recognizes himself. How shall we write about man without writing a critique of illusions? Life is itself a flying impression—illusory only when we contrast it with a stable concept of reality. We have never experienced anything but life as the flying impression. We have never lived in the upper Platonic world of stable objects. We have lived only in the flood of the unstable error.

Man is an image and an abstraction, largely what he thinks. The two-footed animal passes in rational circles for man, yes, but even that definition is uncertain. Many thinkers will hesitate to say that man is either always two-footed or always rational. The philosophers, the psychologists leave leeway for Franz Kafka. In his great *Metamorphosis*, the man turns into a many-footed cockroach but retains his rational character. The cockroach, or man, wants his sister to be seated on the divan next to him. He wants to tell his troubles to her. She must understand that, if he had not had his troubles, he would have sent her to the music conservatory that winter. He is baffled by the fact that he is not allowed to pursue his business still, brief case in hand, alert as ever, perhaps even more alert. Although he dimly realizes that he is a cockroach, he does have his rational human mind and memories. Thousands would laugh at this and would even enjoy it if it were a Walt Disney comedy. Instead, it is a serious symbol, no comedy, not even a case history.

The way of the bad novelist is that he over-simplifies the immediate and that he does not dare to admit that things are in themselves unintelligible. There is always an easy solution to an easy problem. The way of the good novelist is that he seems to have indulged in no over-simplification. Thomas Mann's *The Magic Mountain*, for example, pursues apparently no problem to the exclusion of others. The experience of the work is inclusive—an eternal contradiction lifting its head at every statement of apparent truth. The work is a critique of illusions.

Yes, our best young writers are like our best old writers, after all. They do not solve their problems absolutely, they do not justify the ways of God toward man. Even Milton could not. You are left with your mystery though they have spoken to you in a symbolic, personal way. You are left, as in Katherine Anne Porter's splendid *Pale Horse, Pale Rider*, with a meaningful paradox. You can not say that you have thoroughly understood such a story any more than that you have thoroughly understood yourself.

Such stories as Eudora Welty's *Death of a Travelling Salesman* or William Faulkner's amazing *A Rose for Emily*, or Caroline Gordon's *The Ice House*, quietly unforgettable, mystify as they clarify. The vision of life is the thing, exceeding plot and character. The plot, the character grew out of the author's vision of life. In *The Ice House* the chief characters are nameless corpses—the plot, their haphazard reburial.

A more recent example is Truman Capote's *Miriam*, printed in the latest O. Henry anthology and a subject of much debate. Many critics saw in it the subtle perceptions of an invisible inner world which we find in Henry James. Truman Capote is certainly one of those young, old writers I was speaking of—he was twenty years old when he wrote *Miriam*, and his first novel, *Other Voices Other Rooms*, will be published in his twenty-second year. Of the numerous speculative stories he has written, only *Miriam* has been republished thus far in book form. The story both baffles and illuminates. It is as if one suddenly saw a candle lighted in a dark room, then snuffed out just in the midst of some terrible drama of the furniture. Perhaps a chair, as in Dickens' *Pickwick Papers*, was coming to life, turning into an old man with knobby knees and red slippers. We forget that Dickens was Picasso's forerunner.

MIRIAM comes to no conclusion. The story escapes its own framework, sufficiently spacious like space itself. By symbols, it is related to the dark, irrational core of human character. That is doubtless why, though it is an evasive material, it has attracted more attention than another story of types rather than persons. Here is the luminous, slow-paced, cloudlike account of an aging woman, a widow, sterile of mind and body, who meets with a being invisible to all others but herself. She is not, I would say, an imaginative person. Yet she meets with an imaginary being. In the crowded streets of New York City, outside a motion picture house, in the very shadow of tall buildings, it happens. She is approached by a child who seems to recognize her. There is no use trying to tell the child that she is not wanted. The child is very strange, young but old, a mental strangeness made external. The child is a transparent, doll-like creature of the void, both innocent and senile, Miriam, a delusive content, a subtle disease. She is a negative Ariel, a shade. She follows the woman finally to her house. When the woman comes home to the empty apartment, so appealingly feminine, she finds the child in the room. Miriam is there, insistent, a creature who passed through locked doors. The woman does not know that nobody else can see her. She calls in her neighbours, a worldly pair who see nothing—and then she realizes with a dread coldness around her heart that Miriam has come to stay.

It would be simple at this point to say that the woman is crazy. The reader, however, unless he resists symbolism of any kind, in which case he is crazy, has identified himself with the context of hidden events made visible. Who is Miriam? She is the alter ego, the infantilism implicit in the adult life, the death of childhood, a disease, a memory, flirtation with space, loneliness, guilt, the falling snow, the beginning of the end. *Miriam* leaves us suspended, thoughtful as over the albatross which the Ancient Mariner wore around his neck. *Miriam* leaves us with the union of two chimeras, the living, the dead—and which is which? She is like *(Continued on page 134)*

The woman question

"WOMAN IS MORE LIKE MAN THAN ANYTHING ELSE IN THE WORLD"

by

Dorothy Sayers

THE first task, when undertaking the study of any phenomenon, is to observe its most obvious feature; and it is here that most students fail. It is here that most students of the "Woman Question" have failed.

The first thing that strikes the careless observer is that women are unlike men. They are "the opposite sex"—though why "opposite" I do not know; what is the "neighbouring sex?" But the fundamental thing is that women are more like men than anything else in the world. They are human beings. *Vir* is male and *Femina* is female; but *Homo* is male and female.

This is the equality claimed and the fact that is persistently evaded and denied. No matter what arguments are used, the discussion is vitiated from the start, because Man is always dealt with as both *Homo* and *Vir*, but Woman only as *Femina*.

I have seen it solemnly stated in a newspaper that the seats on the near side of a bus are always filled before those on the off side, because, "men find them more comfortable on account of the camber of the road, and women find they get a better view of the shop windows." As though the camber of the road did not affect male and female bodies equally. Men, you observe, are given a *Homo* reason; but Women, a *Femina* reason, because they are not fully human.

Or take the sniggering dishonesty that accompanies every mention of trousers. The fact is that, for *Homo*, the garment is warm, convenient, and decent. But in the West (though not in Mohammedan countries or in China) *Vir* has made the trouser his prerogative, and has invested it and the skirt with a sexual significance. It is this obscure male resentment that complicates the simple *Homo* issue of whether warmth, safety, and freedom of movement are desirable qualities in a garment for any creature with two legs. Naturally, under the circumstances, the trouser is *also* taken up into the whole *Femina* business of attraction, since *Vir* demands that a woman shall be *Femina* all the time, whether she is engaged in *Homo* activities or not. If, of course, *Vir* should take a fancy to the skirt, he will appropriate it without a scruple; he will wear the houppelande or the cassock if it suits him; he will stake out his claim to the kilt in Scotland or in Greece. If he chooses (as he once chose) to deck himself like a peacock in the mating season, that is *Vir's* right; if he prefers (as he does today) to affront the eye with drab colour and ridiculous outline, that is *Homo's* convenience. Man dresses as he chooses, and Woman to please him; and if Woman says she ever does otherwise, he knows better, for she is not human, and may not give evidence on her own behalf.

Probably no man has ever troubled to imagine how strange his life would appear to himself if it were unrelentingly assessed in terms of his maleness; if everything he wore, said, or did had to be justified by reference to female approval; if he were compelled to regard himself, day in, day out, not as member of society, but merely (*salva reverentia*) as a virile member of society. If his education were directed to making him a spirited lover and meek paterfamilias; his interests held to be natural only in so far as they were sexual. If from school and lecture-room, Press and pulpit, he heard the persistent outpouring of a shrill and scolding voice, bidding him remember his biological function. If he were vexed by continual advice how to add a rough male touch to his typing, how to be learned without losing his masculine appeal, how to combine chemical research with seduction, how to play bridge without incurring the suspicion of impotence. If, instead of allowing with a smile that "woman prefer cavemen," he felt the unrelenting pressure of a whole social structure forcing him to order all his goings in conformity with that pronouncement.

He would hear (and would he like hearing?) the female counterpart of Dr. Peck informing him: "I am no supporter of the Horseback Hall doctrine of 'gun-tail, plough-tail, and stud' as the only spheres for masculine action; but we do need a more definite conception of the nature and scope of man's life." In any book on sociology he would find, after the main portion dealing with human needs and rights, a supplementary chapter devoted to "The Position of the Male in the Perfect State." His newspaper would assist him with a "Men's Corner," telling him how, by the expenditure of a good deal of money and a couple of hours a day, he could attract the girls and retain his wife's affection; and when he had succeeded in capturing a mate, his name *(Continued on page 128)*

Poland... scarred and fearful

THE CONTROVERSY OF PEOPLE AFRAID TO TALK,

A REPORT ON POLAND TODAY

by

Edith Sulkin

I HAD known the Prague-Warsaw train well before the war. It had been one of the finest and most luxurious lines in Eastern Europe. And in those days the passengers had matched the train. Diplomats, well-dressed businessmen with their wives, children and governesses returning to Poland from their yearly cure at Marienbad or Karlsbad, from skiing on the Semmering or shopping in Vienna. This was a different crowd today. The people I saw pushing and screaming at the station had in most cases never been on a train before the war. Heavy-limbed peasants with chickens, ducks, and other edible goods under their arms and on their backs; tired Polish women, ill-fed, ill-clad, weighted by baskets, sacks, bundles wrapped in newspapers. They pushed and cursed and shouted with no regard for anyone or anything.

The train stopped with a jerk, there was a shuffling in the corridor—this was Warsaw. As I left the train, I looked around for a familiar sight or a familiar face. But all I could see was a mosaic of blank faces, peasant kerchiefs, tattered military caps, and strange looking men's hats on the women's high coiffures. I was besieged on all sides. "Anything to sell, anything to sell..." "Want to buy a camera, a watch..." The woman who had shared my compartment stood on the steps beside me and waved them away briskly: "Go away, you silly Poles. Can't you see the lady is a foreigner? What kind of an impression are you creating?" The irony was pathetic. She had spent a good part of our journey together attempting to paint a black picture of her country, and now, stricken suddenly with shame, she felt called upon to apologize for her people.

I had heard about the devastation of Warsaw and was prepared. I had seen pictures and I had been in other ruined cities of Europe. Nevertheless, somewhere inside of me I had expected that there would be at least some faint flicker of recognition, that the feel of the city I had known would be there. But what stretched before me on that first morning in Warsaw was a desolation such as no human imagination could comprehend at once.

At the Polonia Hotel, now center of the foreign world, swarms of people pressed against the desk clamoring for rooms that weren't there. I hovered hopelessly at the fringe. All around me there was whispering which I soon learned was the black market exchange, operating unrestricted and unafraid, offering 400 *zlotys* to a dollar, 1,500 *zlotys* to a pound.

The city was bustling with activity, merchants hawked their wares on every corner. Sides of beef hung from market counters, pork, eggs, butter, smoked eels, rare wines, and sausages lined the shelves, while barefooted children begged on the streets by the dozen. These luxuries were not for the people. The income of the average Pole was between one and two thousand *zlotys* a month—yet a loaf of bread cost 30 *zlotys*, a pound of butter 500, a slice of meat as high as 8,000.

That evening I was sitting in the dimly lighted buffet of the Bristol with two Poles, one a government employee in his early twenties who spoke English with a clipped Oxford accent. The other, an UNRRA driver, was a dark-skinned, bushy-haired man with high cheekbones and piercing black eyes, spoke Polish with the sing-song accent of a Russian or Ukrainian. For a while they sipped their beer and exchanged war experiences. I could see, however, that there was restraint in their conversation. They were not at ease with each other.

"We are not really alive," the driver said morosely. The young man across the table picked up the complaint. "He's right. There is no food and the things you see here are not for the people." He pointed to the heavily laden counter.

"Why doesn't the government shut down these markets, curb their prices, and distribute the food fairly?"

The government man shrugged. "We have a specific food program. The government requisitions the food for all who work in essential industries. They get their rations. The rest is given to the stores. Poland is not a disciplined country. If we did not leave these goods in the open market, they would sell at three times the price on the black market."

"Is it only the food that is bad?" I pressed further.

They smiled but neither replied. I knew what side the government official was on but I couldn't decide about the soldier. He had fought with the Red Army and yet in his eyes one could see the bitterness shared by so many of his countrymen when they referred to the government or to the Russians. *(Continued on page 136)*

What makes American movies tough?

THE RESPONSES AND SUSCEPTIBILITIES OF ONE HUNDRED FORTY MILLION CUSTOMERS

by
John Houseman

UNLIKE so many of us, the members of the Motion Picture Association of America, Incorporated know exactly what they want—they want to be loved, respected and very rich. To these ends they spend much time, money, and ingenuity testing the responses and desires of their lovers, admirers, and hundred million customers. Recently they came to an interesting decision. Around a banquet-table in Beverly Hills, they abjured and solemnly exorcised from their future schedules that profitable but evil thing—the "tough" picture, also known to censors' reports as "sordid," "brutal," and "unpleasant."

The members of the Motion Picture Association of America, Incorporated are practical people. Much as they enjoy hearing their product described as "the most influential medium of entertainment and enlightenment in the world today," they do not share the delusion, begotten and fostered by local intellectuals, that Hollywood leads the thinking of its time. They know the truth—that Hollywood trots along, breathless and eager, its pockets heavy with dough, somewhere quite near the rear end of the cultural parade. Of recent cycles, not one originated in Hollywood. Pseudo-historical pornography was developed and exploited by the nation's most reputable book publishers long before the movies got around to it; it took pictures about twenty years to catch on to the charms of elementary psychiatry; Hammett, Cain, Chandler, and others of their kind were widely read and much admired many years before their works became the nucleus of our current hard-boiled cycle. Indeed, I can think of no serious contemporary trend that was ever born in Hollywood, except, perhaps, certain specific fashions in physical desire—details of dress and allure which have more to do with *haute-couture* and the cosmetics trade than with culture.

There is nothing shameful or surprising about this lag. Discounting isolated instances of individual genius, it is in the nature of the theatrical medium—its limitation and its virtue—that it never anticipates but, of all the arts, most directly reflects the emotional habits and immediate preoccupations of its time. Considering the technical problems, Hollywood keeps pace most creditably. This is not always easy. Under the existing system, between the conception of a motion picture and its final exhibition to the public, there is an average lapse of about fifteen months. During that time, much can happen in the modern world. External events and the rapid shift of economic and social forces can completely modify a people's interests and feelings. If theatres are to remain filled, fluctuations must be anticipated, if possible—compensated for, if necessary. The need always to be guessing and estimating the responses and susceptibilities of vast audiences a year and a half removed has developed in Hollywood movie-makers a highly sensitive, if mercenary, instinct about public taste. Backing this instinct is an elaborate mechanism of investigation, which includes a reckless use of the U.S. mails and the services of the ubiquitous Dr. Gallup. This is why their decision to cut down on a type of product that is easy to make, highly lucrative, and critically admired invites careful examination.

For, as far as the casual observer can judge, the public appetite for violence continues unabated. Its evidences are all around us. The ether-waves are vibrant with criminality and horror. This morning's headlines and the pages of our illustrated weeklies are filled with stories and pictures of injury and sudden death—scenes in which the act of violence itself, rather than the human interest involved, seems to furnish the principal attraction. The very comic strips which brighten the lives of our children are devoted, with few exceptions, to incidents of lawless brutality. A random perusal of the comic sections of last Sunday's metropolitan papers yielded a harvest of no less than seven murders (the lifeless bodies of the victims being exhibited in four instances), two robberies with violence, one case of torture, two cases of criminal assault, and one of abduction with clear intent to rape—not to mention numerous instances of hill-billy mayhem and inter-planetary violence.

In other fields of juvenile entertainment, the same is true. I remember the time when Disney and his less successful imitators concerned themselves with the frolicsome habits of bees, birds, and the minor furry animals. *Joie-de-vivre* was the keynote. Sex and parenthood played an important and constructive rôle, illustrated by such cheerful fertility-symbols as storks, Easter eggs, bunnies, et cetera. Now all this is *(Continued on page 120)*

What makes British movies tick?

RUGGED INDIVIDUALISM, NO STARS, AND AN EMPHASIS ON IMAGINATIVE REALITY

by

George W. Stonier

UNTIL the war, for no reason one could lay one's finger on, English cinema lacked almost every positive quality: it was a doubtful speculation, on the business side, and as art-entertainment not so much second-rate as hopelessly second-hand. English films—or the great majority of them—feebly reflected the London stage, the moribund classic, the shilling novelette.

War exacted two changes, both beneficial. Supplies—of money and material, floor-space, actors—were curtailed; and this, while restricting industry, immediately raised the standard of its products. Where there are difficulties to be got around, art will slip in. No film was ever spoilt through lack of cash or resources: excess of them ruins ninety-nine out of a hundred. That was one spur to better film-making—the necessity, when you do not own the earth, to create something out of nothing.

The second change, provided by experience of war, operated equally in those who make films and those who look at them. War wakened a sense of realities. There were people—not a great many people, perhaps, but enough—who sensed the collision of make-believe and reality and preferred, even from a plush stall, to envisage things as they are. Audiences, a little nervy and dotted with uniforms, even began to criticise some time-worn illusions of celluloid—the kissing bouts, the ceaseless adulation of riches: never before had the voice of the common man and woman been so raised in protest. Not, of course, that these unromantics were in the majority; minorities always have and always will lead every movement in art, entertainment, politics, or religion. And this was a new movement, a revolution in taste, no less.

Let me define a little more precisely the attitude and circumstances. Bombing, day by day, and night after night, had driven the imagination (like the hurrying crowds) at first underground; then one's susceptibilities hardened; then one grew curious; one wished, surviving, to exult and examine. For such a mood the art-entertainment needed was one that sustained and did not flagrantly rebut experience. Weeping and clapping over "Mrs. Miniver," with its easy gush of sentiment, was one thing; "Britain Can Take It" quite another. Here, in crystallised images, was the Blitz itself. Thank heaven! And that sense of identity between audience and screen was rammed home. The fact-film or documentary, in which alone English cinema had excelled before the war, acquired unexpected thrills. It touched our war senses at a number of points. Our jokes and quietude, for example: London was strangely attentive then. The balloon barrage, drops of pearl in the sunset, drew the eyes like a charm, no doubt because it was beautiful and because it was the last thing we looked at before retreating to our couches and cupboards: a film of the balloons, "Squadron 992," was one of the earliest documentaries to chime with that mood.

Then there was a film of the attack by Dorniers on an unarmed lightship; this tiny incident had roused more anger among Englishmen than any major disaster in the early years, and its re-enactment in "Men of the Lightship" was splendidly and swiftly done. Similar pieces followed—"Target for Tonight" (which caught the imagination of America, too), a dozen others, none taking more than half-an-hour's screen time, not displacing the usual "feature," but establishing hard standards of experience and comparison. The subjects of all these films were of immediate dramatic interest, the treatment terse, the detail beautifully and exactly right.

This change of temper occurred—perhaps could only have occurred, since we are an awkward people—under duress of war. Long before, thanks chiefly to John Crierson, who had founded and built up the documentary movement, the possibility had existed; it had been no more than a possibility, with some fine achievements to its record and a small and grudging public acceptance. As nothing else could, war brought the live movement and the large audience together. Surprise! The flicks telling *our* story; then, onlookers for so long, we had a story after all? Some people were stirred, others grumbled that one didn't pay one-and-eight-pence for that sort of thing. The stir won, of course. Small documentaries begat bigger ones, the too terse reporting expanded to an ample realism in which fact and story, imagination and fidelity to living, achieved a balance. "Desert Victory," a handsome newsreel battlepiece from North Africa, was followed by "Western Approaches," in which the drama of Atlantic convoys was reconstructed (on the spot) in terms of men, danger and *(Continued on page 141)*

Mr. Dickens and Mr. Poe

WHEN CHARLES DICKENS WAS YOUNG AND EDGAR ALLAN POE AN ALL BUT NEGLIGIBLE JOURNALIST

by

James Branch Cabell

When Charles Dickens visited Richmond he was not the target of "a pleasant reception." Instead, the professional and business men who were responsible for the promotion of culture in the city of Richmond arranged in his honour, at the Exchange Hotel, a *petit souper*. Mr. Dickens was privileged to meet about ninety of the leading commission merchants and tobacconists of Richmond, as well as a Judge of the Supreme Court and a State Senator, at this *petit souper*. That his books were liked by their wives and daughters, they all assured him in the most friendly manner. They themselves did not have much time for reading, it was admitted; but they looked forward, with an unanimous eagerness, to reading several of his books next summer, at the Springs, when one would have leisure for novels.

Mr. Thomas Ritchie, then the main owner and semi-retired editor of the *Richmond Enquirer*, presided, in his very best toast-masterful manner, over what he described afterward, in his paper, as "this elegant and recherché entertainment." He regretted that "we bring around our distinguished guest no boast of literary circle. We have no Washington Irving to grace the chair; we have no Bryant present to celebrate his praises in rapturous strains."

In this manner did the professional and business men who were responsible for the promotion of literary culture in Richmond honour conscientiously the large sales of Mr. Dickens' books, at an elegant and recherché entertainment. They were not pleased when, later in the same year, he published his *American Notes*. "Mr. Dickens," the *Southern Literary Messenger* declared, in Richmond's behalf, "was feasted, toasted, and almost worshipped. His laughing at our manners, and ungratefully sneering at our attentions, has...proved a littleness of spirit and that Mr. Dickens is a low-bred man."

While upon his way from New York to Richmond, young Mr. Dickens had granted a pair of interviews to an all but negligible young man of letters, Edgar Allan Poe, who, some five years earlier, had left Richmond rather than starve in Richmond. And just what (at the United States Hotel in Philadelphia) Mr. E. A. Poe then remarked as to Richmond stays beyond guessing. In one mood, he would have described the city as a ghoulish latrine which was kept malodorous by its clientele's hourly discharges of scoundrelism, of vainglory, of stupidity, of scandal, of mutual envy, and of humbug. In another mood, Richmond loomed more handsomely, as an Aidenn, the main part of which, along with large portions of the adjoining city of Manchester, happened to be Mr. Poe's ancestral estate, to which by-and-by he must be returning, as a matter of *noblesse oblige*, so as to resume his leadership of the *haut ton*.

History merely records that during the second of these private audiences Mr. Dickens sported a new necktie, somewhat piercingly green, which was held knotted by a necessarily extra-large diamond ring; and that he wore also, under an orange coloured dressing gown quilted with violet facings, a red velvet waistcoat which was adorned with two watch chains and a bare half-dozen or so of Mr. Dickens' fine cameo watch fobs, scarcely a pound's weight in all. Thus clad, a benignant monarch of English letters admitted that he had glanced through—why, but yes, to be sure, through *Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque*—with considerable interest.

He was properly grateful to Mr. Doe for the gift of both volumes; and he believed that one might perhaps arrange to have the book published in England, if Mr. Low really thought the arrangement to be desirable. It seemed only fair, of course, to point out to Mr. Roe that, in the present literary market, a book by an unknown author—and especially, a book of short stories—However: Mr. Dickens would very gladly look into the matter, immediately after his return to England.

He became more hearty. His demeanor implied that he meant to run straightway from the ship dock into the offices of Chapman and Hall, brandishing both vol-

umes—now Mr. Dickens arose halfway from out of his armchair; he coughed, looked at his watch; and in this manner got rid of the gaunt, sallow-skinned, fidgeting, abject and yet boastful poor devil who (in threadbare but very neatly brushed clothes, and wearing obviously re-mended rusty gloves) was now wasting yet more of Mr. Dickens' time with some rigmarole or another about the Virginian city of Richmond.

Poe, let it be repeated, left a city whose culture and whose social life as a whole were dominated by its leading tobacconists and commission merchants rather than starve in Richmond. Throughout Poe's life, Richmond quite steadfastly declined to accept as a desirable citizen the supreme, if not indeed the only, literary genius then alive in the United States. Here, surely, is conduct upon the part of Richmond which calls for reprehension.

Not even as a writer had Edgar Allan Poe's career in Richmond seemed edifying. He returned to the home of his boyhood, it may be recalled, in the August of 1835, to become editor of the *Southern Literary Messenger;* but, before the middle of September, that which a broad-minded physician called "illness" had compelled Mr. Poe's discharge. He was shipped back to Baltimore and to the debatable solace of his secret marriage with a half-witted child, who reached during this same September her thirteenth birthday. Under a proviso as to his future entire sobriety, Mr. Poe was re-engaged by the *Messenger* in October.

To its pages he contributed, during the year 1836, revamped versions of three stories and of six poems, which in their earlier form he had printed elsewhere; four essays which resembled the majority of his essays in unimportance; that which, to the rational business world of Richmond, appeared to be a pointless and tedious hodgepodge of hocus-pocus, calling it *The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym;* and yet another hodgepodge headed *Pinakidia,* which, although presented as an original work, turned out to be a batch of quotations from more ancient writers. Here was not much to incite enthusiasm, and nothing at all to arouse in the frilled breasts of Richmond's leading tobacconists any least suspicion that their city now harboured a literary genius.

And meanwhile, also, Mr. Poe was to be seen, more and more often, during office hours, upon lower Main Street and upon Bank Street, in a condition which toward midnight at earliest might have been found barely pardonable. It was not as an author that Poe failed to meet Richmond's requirements most obviously. In a society where all gentlemen drank pretty heavily as a matter of course, and as a matter of good form abstained from intoxication, he left the demands of good form unhonoured. He was found shifty about money. He lied rather too freely; and he had the misfortune, almost invariably, to be detected.

For Poe, it must be remembered, during this stay of some fifteen months in Richmond, misapplied his attenuated if steel-like powers of invention, all but daily, through misrepresenting the date of his marriage, his wife's age, his income, his heroic past, his ancestry, his erudition, his foster father, his mother-in-law's private fortunes, his lifelong record as a rigid teetotaler, and most of his fellow-writers (both *seriatim et en masse,* as Poe's scholarship might well have phrased it), and every one of his employers. He touched virtually no topic which he did not leave smudged with untruth. Yet almost always he improvised under the disadvantage that—in companionable, small Richmond, where the private affairs of very few persons remained unknown to everybody else—his hearers knew he was lying.

And moreover, Mr. Poe's manner was morose and flighty and aloof. He had not the social graces. He was quarrelsome, which was a gentleman's privilege; but always afterward (as male Richmond noted shruggingly) he contrived, somehow, to wriggle out of the duel which, for a gentleman, would have been a fair quarrel's fair epilogue. In brief, Richmond, without any particular violence, disapproved of young Mr. Poe because he did not adhere to a code customary among the well-bred. He was, in a word—a word which, throughout Virginia, still remains all-damnifying, without having any precise definition—"tacky."

I pause here to observe that after a lifelong acquaintance with the word "tacky," not until a short while ago did I discover that all dictionaries appear to define this adjective as an "American colloquialism" for "shabby" or "unkempt." Even that Thesaurus which hitherto I had regarded with a misplaced confidence I found to list "tacky (*colloq. or slang*)" between "far-gone" and "decayed."

And it was a grave shock to me to be reading any such wild nonsense; for in Virginia a tacky person is one who, so nearly as I can phrase his deficiency, does not quite know just how to behave in the way that well-born Virginians tacitly expect an equal to behave in civilized intercourse. His appearance may be immaculate, nay, even sumptuous, and his heart a vast ingot of unsullied gold, his shrewdness may loom illimitably against a commensurate background of wealth and of power in the synagogues of business life or of politics; and yet, if he does not know, by sheer intuition, that unworded code which is customary among the indigent, well-bred inner circles of Virginia, why then he remains forever tacky; and no published books upon social etiquette can provide for him aid. Nor for that matter, I imagine, does there exist any known inanimate object which is more tacky than a book of etiquette, according to our better Virginian standards. It is the sort of bibelot which we are resigned to admire in the drawing rooms of North Carolina and of Texas. So Richmond ignored, at first, this unpleasing personality, and by-and-by its possessor's existence.

Paris quick notes

ABOUT SARTRE, GIDE, COCTEAU, POLITICS, THE THEATRE, AND INFLATION

by

Allene Talmey

THE CONCIERGE SAID: "They live on the fifth floor; push the elevator button for the third floor, get off at the fourth, and walk up to the fifth"....

THE ELECTRIC LIGHTS suddenly went off all over Paris one afternoon at four-thirty. At the hairdressers, the women under driers, the women with their heads back on the shampoo boards looked in the dusk like drawings by Gustave Doré. The next day at six while we were at tea, the lights went off again; the waiter put a stub of candle on the table and we looked like a painting by Georges de la Tour. In *Le Figaro* a writer complained that the irrationality of the cutting off of the electricity at any hour gave an impression of a "*fantaisie de mauvais goût.*" A week later the *fantaisie* was over—everyone knew that on two specified days in each district the lights would not go on from seven in the morning until seven-thirty at night. This saved coal but it disrupted business.

THE INFLATION gets everyone except foreigners who have dollar exchange. On a fifteen-thousand franc salary a month, Mme. Laberre, a good secretary, said that all she could do besides paying the rent was to get along on as little food as possible and to replace absolutely necessary clothes. She can't pay eight hundred francs for a chicken in the white market. Last month she bought an egg for twenty-five francs.

EVERYONE in the knowledgeable world talks about American writers, about a curious trinity: Hemingway, Faulkner, and McCoy. (Almost no one knows about Thomas Wolfe for only one snippet of his work has been translated in the small literary magazine, *Fontaine.*) But Horace McCoy, almost unknown in this country, has a wide public of French literary fans who know his two works, *They Shoot Horses, Don't They?* and *No Pockets in a Shroud,* both rather James M. Cain hard writing.

EVERY DAY I noticed a man who looked like a hungry horse and just walked back and forth in front of our hotel. Everyone said he must be a private detective, guarding someone. A few days later he brushed a soft, wafted phrase across my ear: "Have you anything to sell?"

THE HIT of Paris is the theatre of Jean-Louis Barrault. The theatre is pretty, full of white and gilt and red, and little. There "*Les Fausses Confidences*" alternates with "Hamlet." The former is a classic comedy, written about 1750, seems at times like Mozart music and is delicately, beautifully played by Madeleine Renaud, the wife of Barrault. In all, in taste, costumes, and settings, it is like a handful of Jordan almonds. But...it is followed, this perfection of taste, by a pantomime-ballet, "Baptiste," that is one of the most appalling things ever. The music was neither composed nor orchestrated, but all written down by a one-eared man with a bad memory for other men's melodies. A complete category of awfulness—and the work of Barrault himself, a man of enormous theatric talent, but no self-criticism.

JEAN COCTEAU, at sixty, has five successes at the moment: his ballet, *Le Jeune Homme et la Mort,* his movie, *La Belle et la Bête,* his book on the movie, and two plays, "The Eagle with Two Heads," and "*Les Parents Terribles.*" Cocteau lives in the beautiful old Palais Royal, a great long quadrangle of buildings with a garden in the centre.

We went up dirty-dark stairs to the apartment—actually he really lives in one narrow room, about the size of a monk's cell, painted black, *(Continued on page 143)*

La Môme Piaf *(opposite)*, a thin woman in a black dress, sings at a little music hall, standing alone on a big stage. As she sings, she seems like a skull with deep eyes and a resonant echo. Most of her songs (and the most popular are "*De l'Autre Côté de la Rue*" and "*L'Accordéoniste*") are wistful with a sweet rhythm like a slow dance, and she sways as she mourns over lost lovers and the life of the streets. Her hair is a rakish red, her face ravaged, her gestures sharp and stylized, and she turns a song over in your heart, gently, as though it were a sleeping baby. She is coming to the U.S. with *Les Compagnons de la Chanson,* eight young men, all funny, all singers, all pantomimists quick with parody.

GJON MILI

Edith Piaf...*SHE SINGS THE SAD SONGS PARIS LOVES*

Beige for a background

As seen in Paris

MME. LOPEZ-WILLSHAW runs around Paris in her Simca car—as diminutive as she is. Here she wears a taupe coat from Lelong.

MRS. HARRISON WILLIAMS as familiar in Paris as New York, here outside her hotel in a Mad Carpentier corduroy suit, slender tapered shoes.

MISS MARY MARTIN outside the American Embassy, in a Molyneux suit, yellow quilled hat.

MRS. MANUEL BIANCHI wife of the Chilean Ambassador to England, wears a Balmain coat, Columbiers' cap.

COMTESSE ALAIN DE LA FALAISE recently from England, recently a bride, wears a suit from Kostio de War.

LIDO

MME. LOUIS ARPELS in Maggy Rouff's black wool dress, Reboux's vivid side-swept plumed hat.

Opposite: BEIGE for a background for your jewels, your scarf, pale furs. Beige against a distinguished new background: the Prince Matchabelli Crown Room, brilliant, colourful. Decorated by William Pahlmann.

Juilliard wool suit, $50. By Mollie Parnis for Carolyn Modes. At Arnold Constable; Mandel Bros.; A. Harris.

Curled-back brim *The hat fits the head, sweeps out into a great brim, very wide at the sides; curled in, front and back. With a lace veil—found, this spring, beneath the brim. Natural Shantung straw; made-to-order at Bergdorf Goodman.*

New hat shape:

wide at the sides

Brim folded back *The hat fits the head, wings out into a great brim, very wide at the sides; folded in, front and back. White felt bicorne, banded with a long twist of white chiffon. From Elizabeth Arden Fashion Floor; designed by Castillo.*

Suit year, starting now

RAWLINGS

White and striped

White in the spring, for a wool suit with cinnamon stripes. New again, spectator pumps for resorts, for the country. Kraus suit, about $145, at Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin.

Grey and striped

Opposite: *Grey wool, brindled with pink, for a suit with mild shoulders and a straight skirt. With it, these candids—a straw fedora; a substantial, but smaller, bag. Kraus suit, $135, at Bonwit Teller.*

Grey flannel, 1947

A new use of classic grey flannel, in a long-jacket suit, the hips padded, the collar to be rolled up or down. Sharpened with colour—big yellow gloves, a yellow ribbon pierced with stickpins. Wool suit by Capri, $90 at Altman.

Flare in the back

Twin suits, one for daytime in checked wool, the other for late afternoon in black Bianchini rayon faille. The flare: peplums, skirts, full in the back. With: small collars, bows at the neck, round hats. Suits by Philip Mangone, $155, at Bonwit Teller.

Balmain blouses

Made in America
by the French designer

The jersey shirt

Balmain's bid for the "shirt of the year" began, like all of the blouses on these two pages, as a part of the Sun Valley after-ski wardrobe of Mlle. Georgette Thiolière, French ski champion. But we see its uses as everyday, unlimited. White wool jersey with natural shoulders marked by arrows of sky-blue wool.

Wrapped, sashed

Balmain blouse that began for "at home"—perfect, we think, for any wear—with dinner skirts, slacks, short-rib boleros. Surplice-crossed on the bodice, whipped neatly about the waist to tie a full-bodied bow. Storm blue rayon crêpe.

Middy over a shirt

Balmain's idea for the long-torso middy; cut in coal black wool jersey to pull long over one hip—banded in red, white, blue. New at night with close-cuffed pants for after-ski. Right—so very right—with a prim white shirt, short white shorts.

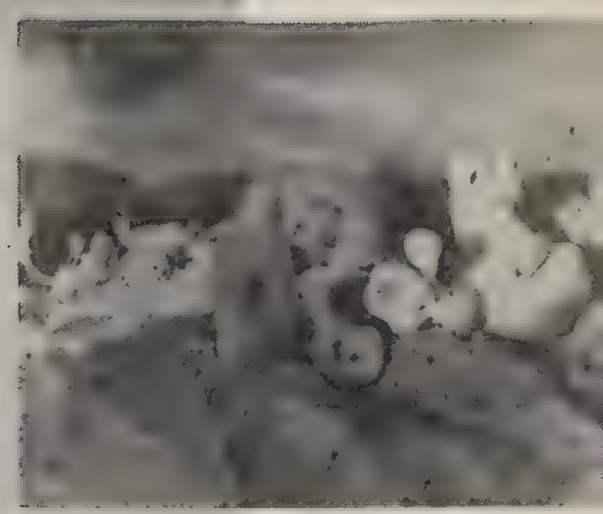
Cummerbund blouse

Balmain makes a blouse in sand-dune colour wool jersey; binds two good halves into a costume with gold jersey in a crushed cummerbund. Feminine-draped to a very, jewel-caught V. Precise, perfect for dinner slacks, dinner skirts —highly probable first choice for spring suits.

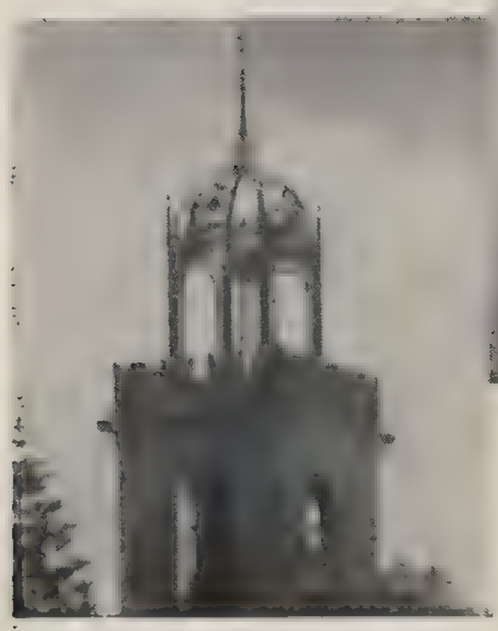
All these blouses are designed for, and copied by, Jay Thorpe.

HORST

Bermuda beach—no honeymooners



In a cave: Henry Moore rocks



At Flatts, a stately pleasure-dome

Bermuda... new view

BY NANCY FLAGG

WHEN my cousin offered to lend me her Bermuda house for a month, I wasn't overwhelmed. I agreed to go and I got a couple of friends to go with me, but we expected Bermuda to be a bore. We expected a bland false paradise, full of undergraduates and honeymooners, all wearing long grey flannel shorts and taking snapshots of each other. We did not expect a true paradise, full of the felicities and eccentricities that travel-folders never mention.

Pan American, which claims a three-hour flight from New York to Bermuda, was booked solid the week we wanted to go, so we flew down to Baltimore and racketted over on a big British plane. This all-day excursion involved our being in Newark at eight o'clock in the morning, a thing to scorch the soul, and most of the ocean flight passed in a blue daze without much hope or any horizons. Then far along in the shapeless afternoon we saw it under the slot of window—a sharp dark green island on the empty sea, an island no bigger than your hand, with the fingers clutched around brilliant blue-green water. We came down onto the harbour, and it still seemed as small, as distinct, as exciting as an island on a map.

The British Overseas Airways base is on Darrell's Island, about a mile down the harbour from Hamilton. The polite young Englishman (the B.O.A.C. sells politeness, just as Pan American sells speed) lifted us off the plane into a pleasant modern building, smelling of spice and flowers. The customs officials said "Thank you" uncounted *(Continued on page 126)*

To wear in Bermuda

Above: Rayon mousseline hoop skirt with a drift of green leaves. By Ceil Chapman. $110. Bergdorf Goodman.

Above: Davidow's two-piece dress, in beige spun rayon. $45, at Bergdorf Goodman. Phelps' calf bags.

Right: Pure wool jersey overshirt, $18. Red and white polka-dotted shorts, $13. By B. H. Wragge. Bonwit Teller.

Below: Striped jersey top; rayon shorts. Carolyn Schnurer. $20. Franklin Simon; Seidenbach's; H. Liebes; Bonwit Teller, Phila.

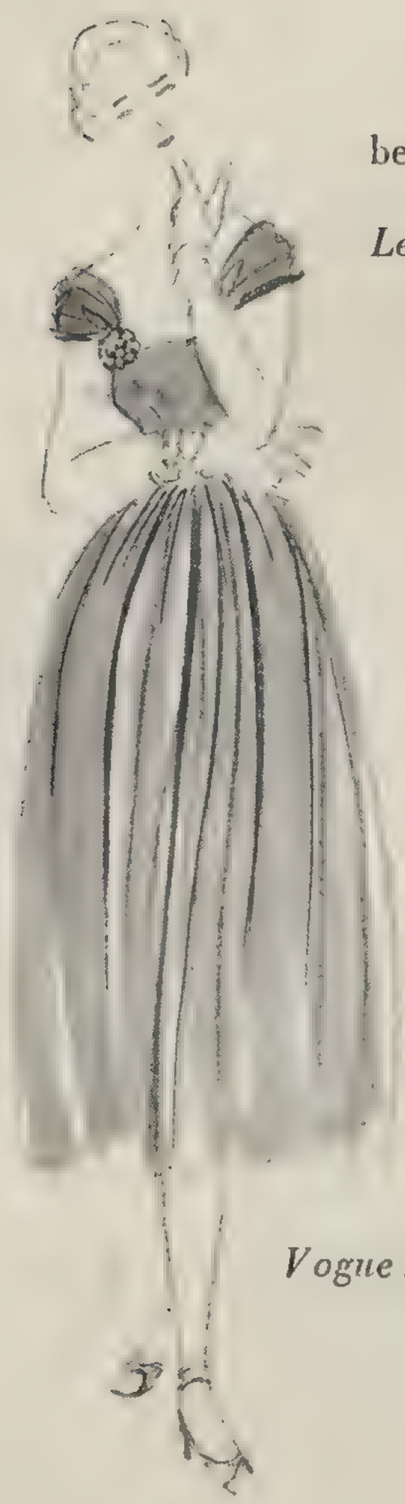
Lower right: All-silk Shantung, slope-shouldered late-day dress, a dipped, draped skirt. Design by B. H. Wragge. At Bonwit Teller.

BALKIN

Short evening dresses... going South

This is the new measure for sun-light evenings. For now, in the south. For next summer's sea or country scenes. Full, long-short skirts; bareness about the shoulders. At their best in light-and-airy cottons, china silk...easy pleasantries for nights that begin with sun. *Left, No. 5989:* dancing dress with a full-gathered, airy skirt that hides a pair of hip-pockets; shirred bands over the shoulders...mark one with a jewel clip. Make it in dark chambray. *Centre, No. 5761:* scoop-necked dress with the shortest puffed sleeves, a skirt flowing into loose box pleats. Make it in Everfast Paisley-print piqué. *Right, No. 5941:* a copy of a tutu, to have made in striped cotton. Little shoestring straps, a closely fitted bodice, full, free shirred skirt.

See page 148 for other views and sizes.



Vogue Design No. 5989

Vogue Design No. 5761

Vogue Design No. 5941

Pagnan

Day-into-night dress *(opposite)*

Which begins with a little cut-down bodice, bare for the touch of late sun; the skirt, just long enough to give sweep to fullness. Vogue Design 5978, here, in Bahamian plaid cotton by Everfast. With it, armfuls of gold, Seaman Schepps; very open sandals; a calf belt, $13, Lord & Taylor. Frances Denney's "Ethereal" lipstick.

Young resort wardrobe

Contents . . . all the elementals. All, flyweight. And all presented as foresights of the summer ahead

Resort wool

For resort-hopping—grey, yellow, and white wool knit dress by Sacony. $23. Peck & Peck.

Striped beach coat

This year's beach coat has this year's pleats. Red, black, and white striped Guatemalan cotton. By Marjorie Montgomery. About $20. I. Magnin.

Linen bathing-suit

The news is linen...you can live in it again, up to and including swimming. Brown suit by Rose Marie Reid, $23. Lord & Taylor.

Flyweight luggage

Tweed-patterned luggage cowhide-bound. By Hartmann. Wardrobe, $43 plus tax. Train case, $29 plus tax. Saks Fifth.

Dinner shorts

Pale blue Merrimack corduroy; Loomtogs design, $6. Gimbel's.

Shortest shirt

Mid-rib shirt of red and white cotton, met by navy spun rayon pants. Shirt, about $9. Pants, about $17. By Carolyn Schnurer. At Franklin Simon; H. Liebes; Seidenbach's; Bonwit Teller, Phila.

Straplessness at night

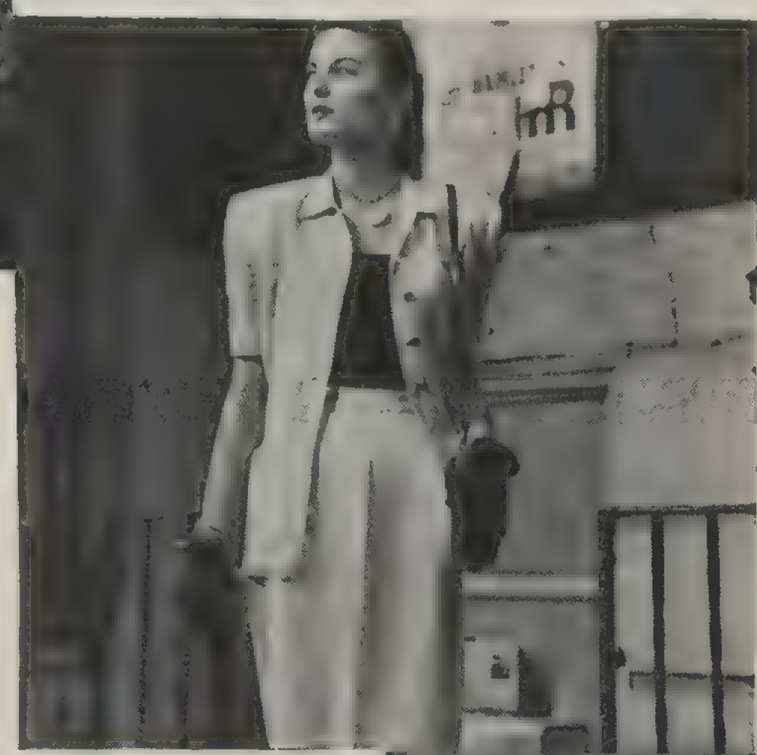
Dim-yellow: linen weave, cotton-and-wool. By Nathan-Strong. $35. Carnegie Jeune Fille.

Dinner black

A black rayon crêpe shift with camisole bodice. Peggy Hunt design. $40. Altman.

Grey, all hours

Nutshell wardrobe—wool jersey dress, $17. Striped jacket, $13. At McCreery.



White linen suit

Coming in: white suits. Here, in linen Resloomed for crease resistance. By Majestic, $23. At Bloomingdale.

Black maillot

Salt of the beach, the wool jersey maillot, plus a non-tank-suit touch: white piqué. By Duchess Royal. $15. Altman.

Stripes all day

Wide-set neckline, narrowest sleeves. Of grey and blue Dan River cotton. $11. McKettrick Classics, Stern's.

1927 ... Barbara Stanwyck and Hal Skelly played the hoofers, photographed by Steichen

1947 ... Bert Lahr and Jean Parker play the hoofers, photographed by Penn

"Burlesque" again.... twenty years later

Once straight comedy, seen through a spyglass two decades long, "Burlesque" emerges as nostalgic melodrama, loaded with corn, escapism, and a power which for twenty years has kept it in audience memory. In it, the shoddily sentimental lives of two married hoofers play out mostly backstage to a mixed tempo of jazz and tears. The play was a star-maker, made a star of then unknown Barbara Stanwyck, of vaudevillian Hal Skelly; it ran for over three hundred performances on Broadway, was acted in European capitals, produced by Max Reinhardt in Germany, was twice adapted for films. Today "Burlesque" is a period piece, played as such by Jean Parker and Bert Lahr. It may well be her first Broadway hit, his first triumph in straight drama. Both have the advantage of looking the period: Jean Parker has the pouting, petulant mouth, the heart-shaped face idealized by the billboards of the twenties; Bert Lahr has the rubbery, sham features of old-time burlesque. Between them they achieve a tour de force, make the famed laugh-clown-laugh parody of the wedding march seem not only new but contrarily heartbreaking. The play ends on the wave of a gag—thirty minutes of burlesque—prat-falls, spangles, cheap tenors, a unique half hour now that the burlesque wheel no longer turns in New York.

In the drawing room: many periods, many paintings...Sir Francis Rose, Dali, Bérard, Tchelitchev.

Cecil Beaton's London house

Workshop and living quarters for the famous photographer and stage designer who did sets and costumes for "Lady Windermere's Fan"

Number 8 Pelham Place, South Kensington.

MILLAR & HARRIS

Mr. Beaton's bedroom...a buzz of colour and pattern. Flowering chintz, flowered wallpaper overlaid with many pictures.

Cecil Beaton with one of his two sisters, Mrs. Alec Hambro, and his mother, Mrs. Ernest Beaton, in the drawing room. Spare, modern bookcases are flanked by candelabra, 18th-century perspective paintings.

Picasso's "Reclining Woman" above a Beatonesque composition: roses, books, and bibelots.

TANQUERAY

The dining room. Against Georgian simplicity, the formality of French furniture; pale winter roses, ferns, and ivy.

CECIL BEATON'S small house in South Kensington, like his photographs, echoes the pattern of his attitudes toward past and present. Outwardly it is inseparable from a row of houses built to shelter the seemly middle-class life of the 1820's; inside, the calm good sense of Georgian proportion makes a background for Beaton's independent tastes. Nothing is forced into a "period" mould: bold, convenient new things live side by side with the delicate artifices of Louis Seize; past masters... Fuseli, Francis Rose...hang beside the paintings of living friends...Dali, Bérard. The heart of the house is the front drawing room, lined with crimson flock paper, agreeably cluttered with antiquities; a room for work, for friends, for talk.

Young dress down... new heels up.

The four-cornered skirt—*full hem-width drawn at the waistline into a completely* jeunesse *button-basque, the corners making peaks forward, a gentle bustle. Long sleeves and small standing vicar's collar are points for closed, covered evenings. The point of Mackey's black satin slipper with the new mid-high heel is new slim elegance for the foot. $17. J. & J. Slater. Ceil Chapman dress, black silk-and-rayon taffeta, about $70. Altman; Jay's; The Blum Store.*

FRANCES MCLAUGHLIN

Young dress down... new heels up

The mid-rib jacket *in navy-blue wool rapidly cut away under the bosom, to round below the waist in back. The high-waisted, pin-checked skirt wraps the middle closely, falls in a long-line inverted box-pleat flat down the front. As the skirt lengthens, the shoes rise—here to inch-and-a-half heels. Suit by Emily Wilkens, for whom Capezio designed the ballet-last kid opera pumps. Suit, about $42; Bonwit Teller; Rich's; Stix, Baer & Fuller. Other stores, page 145.*

Good grey flannel (below)—*Annual wardrobe backbone, up-to-the-minute with a longer jacket, slimmer skirt. 1947 version, an up-coming classic, is marked by narrower shoulders, four half-moon pockets. Handmacher suit in yarn-dyed wool at Lord & Taylor; Lindner Coy; Thalhimer's. $60. For other stores, see page 145.*

Younger, longer suits

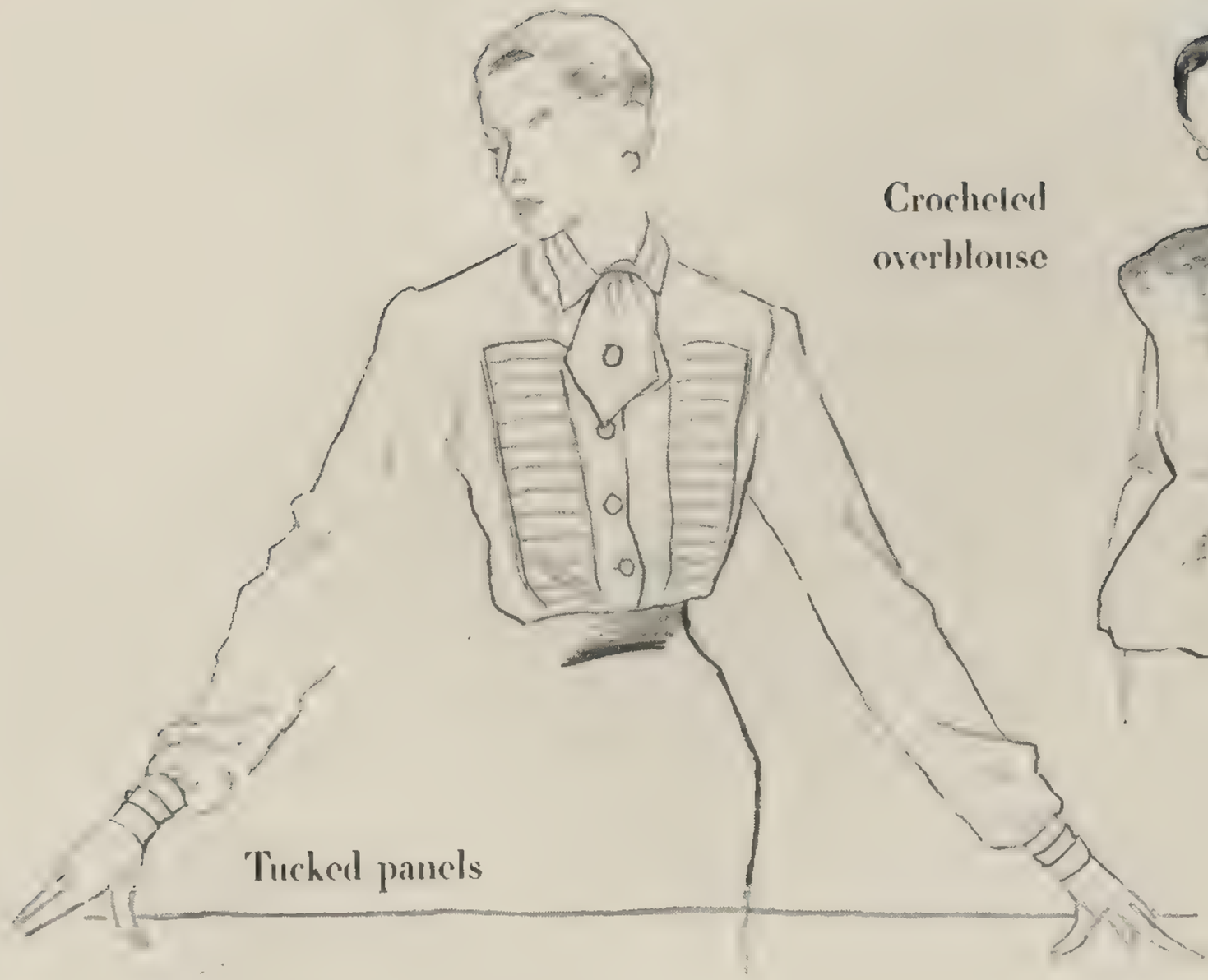
...longer skirts,
over-hip jackets,
narrow shoulders.
new mid-high heels,
bigger gloves

ALL ROUND-CROWN HATS, VIC-DEB AT LORD AND TAYLOR

Belted in the back (below)—*Navy blue worsted gabardine, annual fashion prize, in an important, feminine, 1947 shape. Keyed to the new season with a longer, ruler-straight skirt, full tunic jacket. By Schiller, at Lord & Taylor; Hudson's; Feb. 1. $63. Other stores, page 145. Rath bag, Jay Thorpe.*

Flashback jacket (above)—*Collarless young favourite, double-breasted, buttoned. To stamp it 1947—a peplum round in front—flared in back. Navy-blue Milliken wool, $48. Peck & Peck; Bienen-Davis bag, Saks Fifth.*

FRANCES MCLAUGHLIN



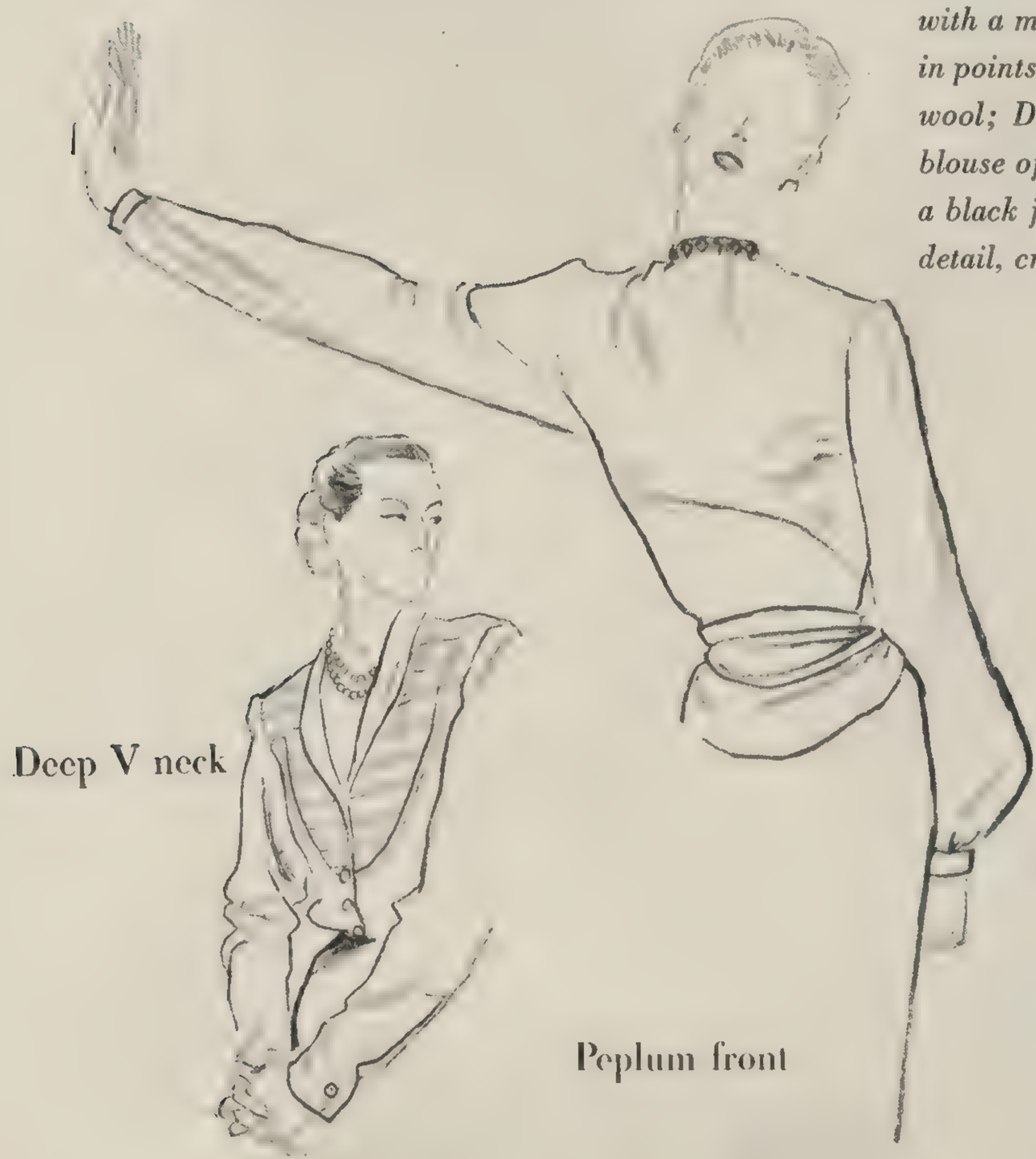
Tucked panels

Crocheted overblouse

Striped in points

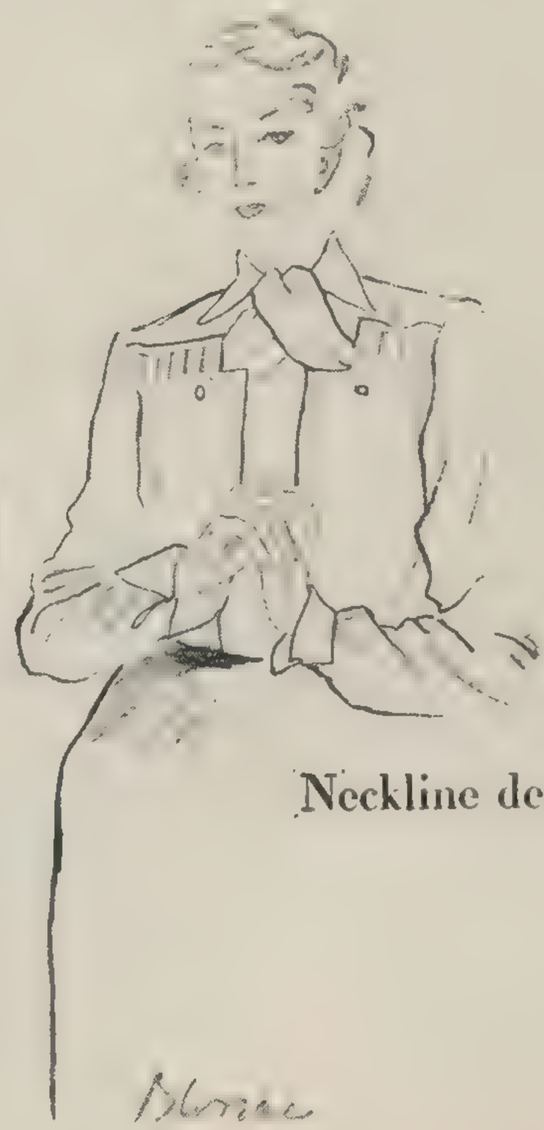
Paris blouses

In a season of suits, the next thought is for blouses; and the blouse may once again be a French one. The lovingly detailed, characteristically French blouses that women have always loved are reappearing in Paris, and enriching the world of good design everywhere. For instance, the four blouses on pages 100-101, designed in New York by a French designer; and these —designed in Paris. Points here: two reflect the long-torso trend, four are accomplished shirtwaists. Above: *Tucked-front blouse by Lecadre, of Shantung, with tight, tucked cuffs. Crocheted overblouse with a muff at the waist by Kostio de War. Striped in points, with a pointed collar, a shirt of blue-green wool; Denise & Mad.* Below: *Deep V neck for a blouse of white crêpe, by Lecadre. Peplum front on a black jersey blouse; by Kostio de War. Neckline detail, crossed ties on a yellow silk shirt; Lecadre.*



Deep V neck

Peplum front



Neckline detail

with conquest aforethought...
TABU
the "forbidden" perfume by Dana
© 1947 Dana Perfumes, Inc. Negligee designed by Thea Tewi

Most of life's luxuries
come high . . .
but anyone can afford
MARLBORO
America's Luxury Cigarette

Plain Ends
Ivory Tips
Beauty Tips (red)

Merely a Penny or Two More

WOMEN AREN'T FUNNY!

(Continued from page 82)

bear chase and the blonde who was chaste; she giggled when he asked why does a mastodon cross the road; she smiled fatuously when he repeated the one about his mother-in-law's struggles with the sabre-toothed tiger which ended by his walking away, saying, "Why should I care what happens to a tiger?"

From the dawn of history, woman has been forced to be the homemaker. She has kept the family together, gayly or grimly, come flood or famine, through wars and all weathers. She has faced the universe and made herself at home in it, grown with it, and become a part of it. It was done with determination, not with laughter. Men, sheltered by their women, have used the universe as their playground. They may work in it, but they never quite grow up in it. They are perpetual Peter Pans living in a lively Never-Never-Land. Such high-spirited and headlong works as *Tom Jones, Alice in Wonderland, Huckleberry Finn, Pickwick Papers,* and *Don Quixote* could only spring from the irresponsible hearts of those for whom the world is always young. The great masters of nonsense—from Edward Lear to Lewis Carroll, from W. S. Gilbert to S. J. Perelman—are all men; women have neither the time nor the taste for nonsense. Not, at least, in the purposeful making of it.

The attitude to sex reveals the essential differences. Rabelais found it funny; so did Chaucer and Robert Burns. It is in the order of things that most men should reward bawdiness with Gargantuan guffaws. For most women, however, sex is too serious, and far too personal, for easy laughter.

Women with few exceptions have seldom made a career of humour. Even Dorothy Parker, one of the most devastating crushers in the country, threw away her caustic retorts in the hope of liberating the downtrodden, and exchanged her distillation of wormwood and deadly nightshade for the milk of human kindness. The height of most girls' ambition is proverbially six feet, and if they get this, they will gladly give their quota of professional wit back to the Indians.

Woman has kept a warm but private humour within her four walls. There were the hooked rugs, grotesquely gay with primitive animals, comically shaped gingerbread cookies, household jingles, hastily but humorously improvised stories to take Junior's mind off his mumps and measles. The humour of woman was ever at home on the hearth; it was seldom rugged enough to brave the harsh outer world.

Even in the films, radio, and the theatre, the hand that rocks the cradle seldom rocks the audience. There are—and the fact is as crushing as it is conclusive—no Marx Sisters.

AREN'T WOMEN FUNNY!

(Continued from page 83)

trying to be funny. "Causing mirth" we have already gone into, which leaves us with "humorous" and "ludicrous."

On the humorous/ludicrous side was a girl I saw one night, wearing one of those sling-type, one-strap evening dresses, with her corsage stuck onto the bare shoulder with adhesive tape. She fled from the room before I could get to her, so I can't say whether it was done as a gag or not. But it was humorous, in a revolting sort of way. Like the man who threw in a false hand when he gave his money to the toll gate attendant.

The main trouble with discussing people who are intentionally funny is that there are very few spontaneous gags which will stand up. There is one —just one—*bon mot* I can think of at the moment which will survive being set in type. A young lady I know was having dinner in a local restaurant, and her escort had apparently been gargling with Martinis before he called for her. At any rate, the young man, in that brotherhood-of-man mood which overwhelms some people when their vision begins to fail, started table-hopping. She watched him coldly as he spread the glad word among the other tables, and with acid satisfaction saw him upset a drink in his lap. The waiter rushed over and being of the school of thought which holds that salt will remove liquor stains, began to sprinkle him liberally with salt. The young lady waited a minute and then spoke up.

"Waiter," she said in a loud, clear voice, "if that's for me, would you put some paprika on it?"

The only downbeat is that she is not known as an especially comical girl, and has only that one remark to her credit. On that one, however, she can retire. Many a gag man has worked up a set of neon ulcers over lesser punch lines than that.

CORRECTION

VOGUE regrets an error that appeared in the December 15th issue in an article called "Norway . . . her scars begin to heal," by Alice D. Kiaer. On page 81, the last sentence of the first paragraph should read: "There are fairly active rum running ships taking Norwegian cigarettes to Denmark and bringing Danish liquor back to Norway's black markets."

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Diamonds in Platinum Bracelet, $20,160.00
(Federal Tax Included)

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PRINTED SILKS — A magnificent collection of prints from many of America's leading fabric creators—Onondaga, Bianchini, Ducharne, and Gourdon. Patterns for every type of costume—all exclusive with McCutcheon's and all on pure dye, pure silk crepes of superb quality. 39 inches wide. Yd., **9.95** to **12.95**

PURE SILK CREPES—It's many a year since you've seen so many lovely cantons, flat crepes, satins, and sheers of precious pure silk. Light, bright, and dark colors. 39 inches wide. Yd., **4.95** to **12.95**

SPORTS SILKS — Stunning novelty stripes and matching plain colors in silk shantungs from Italy. Also, beautiful silk shantungs and silk broadcloths made in America. 31 and 40 inches wide. Yd., **7.85** to **8.95**

FORSTMANN WOOLENS — Marvelous new weaves and colors in correct weights for dresses, suits, and coats for spring and resort wear. All have the distinction and beauty you expect from fabrics bearing this name. 54 inches. Yd., **4.50** to **15.75**

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AMERICAN MOVIES

(Continued from page 88)

changed. The fantasies which our children greet with howls of joy run red with horrible savagery. Today the animated cartoon has become a bloody battlefield through which savage and remorseless creatures, with single-track minds, pursue one another, then rend, gouge, twist, tear, and mutilate each other with sadistic ferocity.

Leaving these interesting manifestations to the attention of the child-psychologist, let us move into the adult field, and contemplate today's national taste as it appears in the current Hollywood-made feature-pictures. Let us remember that these are not a haphazard product, that they represent a gigantic investment of work and money and that they provide the principal emotional release, cultural stimulus, and family entertainment of one hundred and forty million of our fellow-citizens. Even a superficial examination of their style and content gives a fascinating reflection of the nation's psyche. I'm afraid it is not that of a serene or self-confident people. One of the most experienced and sensitive analysts in the field of social-æsthetic criticism, Mr. Siegried Kracauer, explains the current fashion in motion-pictures:

"Films saturated with terror and sadism have issued from Hollywood in such numbers recently as to become commonplace. The trend undoubtedly had its source in the requirements of wartime propaganda. The original task was to depict the threat of Nazism to the American public—Gestapo tortures, shining parades that alternate with silent agonies, life under the oppressive atmosphere of Nazi-conquered Europe.... Now the weird, veiled insecurity of life under the Nazis is transferred to the American scene. Sinister conspiracies incubate next door; any trusted neighbour may turn into a demon.... That the kind of horror formerly attributed to life under Hitler, in the anti-Nazi thriller, has now been acclimated to the American scene is more than accidental. Aside from the genuine and constant affinity between sadism and Fascism, it seems probable that the sadistic energies at large in our society at the present moment are specifically suited to provoke fuel for Fascism. And it is in these energies, in this emotional preparedness for Fascism, that the danger lies."

Mr. Kracauer is a specialist in diagnosing the cultural fevers of ailing societies. (His book on Offenbach and the French Second Empire is a classic.) In this case he has made a valid point, but I believe he has understressed an equally important one. From frontier days till now brutality has been a constant and often dominant element in American life. The "chiller" has long been a staple of film entertainment; so has the shooting-drama, be it gangster-film or horse-opera. Violence has always played an important part in popular American entertainment; its present manifestations are greater in proportion but not very different in degree. There is nothing particularly alarming about violence in itself. Indeed, the ability to face the reality of violence may well be regarded as a national virtue. (It is noteworthy that in the wartime newsreels that were shown to the British and American publics, death and wounds were shown striking friend and foe alike. The great German propaganda pictures, skilled and impressive as they were, for obvious reasons, never once dared show a dead Nazi.) What is significant about our contemporary "tough" films (critics and ladies' organizations to the contrary) is *not* their surface violence but the neurotic reaction that accompanies it. It is not the act of brutality that is repellent but the indifference with which it is regarded by those who commit it and those whom it affects.

LOWER THAN THE ANGELS

Recently, in trying to extract from one of our most typical and successful "tough" pictures some key to the current American Legend, I made a careful analysis of the contemporary Hero and Heroine as I found them played by two of the most admired and popular movie stars of our day.

"*THE HERO* is not young—somewhere in his middle thirties. He is unattached, uncared-for, and irregularly shaved. His dress is slovenly. His home is a hall-bedroom, and his place of business is a hole-in-the-wall in a run-down office building. He makes a meagre living doing perilous and unpleasant work which condemns him to a solitary life. The love of women and the companionship of men are denied him. He has no discernible ideal to sustain him—neither ambition, nor loyalty nor even a lust for wealth. His aim in life—the goal towards which he moves and the hope which sustains him—is the unravelling of obscure crimes, the final solution of which affords him little or no satisfaction. For this he receives twenty-five bucks a day (plus expenses)—and he sure earns it. His missions carry him into situations of extreme danger. He is subject to terrible physical outrages which he suffers with dreary fortitude. He holds human life cheap, including his own. The sum of his desires appears to be a skinful of whiskey and a good sleep. In all of history, I doubt if there has been a Hero whose life was so unenviable and whose aspirations had so low a ceiling.

"*THE HEROINE* is his worthy mate. She, too, drifts through life in a hopeless, smouldering kind of way. Some obscurely disgraceful event in her past overshadows her present and inhibits her from intelligent behaviour. Unlike her more vital sisters of the First World Peace, who swept glamourously up and down the continent of Europe in Blue Trains and Hispanos, she sits moping discontentedly in her father's house. Her shady entanglements are not with members of the international fast-set, but with an obscure and melancholy gangster operating in the San Fernando Valley. Like the Hero, she is utterly lacking in ideals and ambition of any sort.

"At certain intervals throughout the picture, Hero and Heroine are left alone together to conduct their joyless and ill-mannered courtship. When, in

(Continued on page 125)

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AMERICAN MOVIES

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the end, they get together, one wonders whether they do so under some mysterious working of the laws of natural selection or if their merging is simply due to the fact that everyone else in the movie is dead, in irons, or on the lam.

"*ALSO PRESENT* is a whining herd of petty chisellers, perverts, half-wits, and nymphomaniacs—poor, aimless creatures without brains, without skill, without character, without strength, without courage, without hope. Not only are they totally lacking in moral sense—but they seem to have no sense of anything at all—except fear. From first to last, they move through the story with one single desire—to be left alone. 'We know we are no good,' they seem to say, 'we are sad, futile, foolish creatures. But our crimes are petty. We do not really hurt anybody much except ourselves. After all, this is a free country—let us be!' "

This is not a seriously distorted portrait—it may be a little oversimplified. Yet any casual movie-goer will recognize in these particular characters from "The Big Sleep" the typical inmates of many of this year's most successful and best-made movies. It is these people—spiritless zombies, utterly lacking in moral or tragic sense—that are really frightening, not their forays with blackjack and pistol.

HOLLYWOOD VERSUS "OPEN CITY"

A comparison of a typical Hollywood "tough" movie with last year's realistic film of Italian resistance, "Open City," makes this particular point very clear. "Open City" contains many of the same perverse and unsavoury elements as its American counterparts. It has intimations of depravity and scenes of sadism far beyond anything permitted under the formal rules of the Motion Picture Association's Code. Yet it would be impossible to deny that "Open City" is a deeply moral picture. From first to last—through chase, through suspense, through killings and scenes of almost unbearable cruelty, it still emerges as a clear struggle between good and evil—a story of duty and loyalty in conflict with the forces of oppression. Long after the struggle between patriots and invaders has lost its immediate emotional value, the spectacle of lives generously given for a cause will continue to make of this unpretentious, vivid little picture a noble document of human dignity. One wonders what impression people will get of contemporary American life when "The Postman Always Rings Twice" is run in a projection room twenty years hence.

They will deduce, I believe, that the United States of America in the year following the end of the Second World War was a land full of enervated, frightened people with spasms of high vitality but a low moral sense—a hung-over people with confused objectives groping their way through a twilight of insecurity and corruption.

It is not by chance that such a large proportion of our currently successful movies—those which tend to attract the highest professional talent and technical skill—are Whodunits, Chillers, Thrillers, and Action pictures in which the tensions are all external and mechanical, never tragic or personal. It would seem as though the American nation, turning from the violent effort and the shock of war to the uncertain years of peace, were still reluctant to face its personal problems and the painful situations of its national life—the underside of Mom's blueberry pie.

At this point, suddenly the motion-picture industry speaks up loud and clear. It announces its determination to temper the tone and diminish the number of its "tough" pictures. It will be interesting—assuming that the members of the Motion Picture Association of America, Inc., really mean what they say and are not simply waving their hands in the direction of some suddenly threatening concentration of pressure-groups—to see how this decision is executed in the months to come.

Like the Sorcerer's Apprentice, Hollywood is powerless to stem the flood of film it has let loose upon its seventeen thousand theatres. Whether business is good or bad, approximately six hundred full-length films a year have to be turned out to satisfy the needs of the nation's exhibitors. If the industry cuts down on its currently most successful product, how will these five million feet of film be filled? With bright musicals? Graustarkian romances? "Beautiful pictures about beautiful people?" A diet over-balanced with such bland fare would empty the theatres in short order—a consummation which the members of the MPAA dread more than they do any loss of love and prestige they might suffer from institutional disapproval of their "tough" pictures.

So what will happen? Here are my predictions: (A) Hollywood will go on making "tough" pictures—and look the other way—just as long as the box-office proves that "tough" pictures excite and satisfy the emotional appetites of its hundred million customers. (B) Hollywood will stop making cynical pictures the morning that inflationary psychology and the morality of the universal squeeze-play cease to dominate our national economic life; it will stop making pictures about mean and frightened people the same week that our newspapers refrain from dangling visions of World War Three before the morbidly fascinated gaze of the American public; it will start making rational stories about ordinary people the month the figures on divorce and crime fall somewhere near their normal pre-war rate. Comedies and dramas of civilized life will once again occupy the screen—of this we may be sure—but not before dwelling places become available in which the members of the average American family can enact their real-life comedies and dramas under reasonably secure and civilized conditions.

Maybe the members of the Motion Picture Association of America, Incorporated, looking in their crystal ball, were able, when they made their optimistic decision, to foresee such happy days just around the corner. Maybe they were just counting on a Republican Congress.

BERMUDA . . . NEW VIEW

(Continued from page 102)

times, and were very civil about the sling shot and the fifty jars of gouache that one of my friends cannot travel without. Then we were all in a launch, slicing up the remarkable water along a green shore, set with stagey pastel houses. They put us off at a remote landing and told us to take a carriage to Coral Beach.

The carriage was a shock—that slowness, that stillness after the long day of roaring speed. We clicked past the white sprawl of the Inverurie, one of the three big resort hotels now open for business; and through a sort of tropical Manhasset. The houses were spruced up and unreal, like suburban houses, and all the vegetation—royal palms, Florida moss, and passion flowers—seemed to have been brought from somewhere else. At one turn we came upon a Gothic church, a recent conceit, but looking as old, as painfully preserved as an old actress. Our horse, on the other hand, was a genuine ruin: through the war years, when German U-Boats operated in Bermuda waters, many of the horses nearly starved. The old man who drove us was talky and tiresome. He kept asking us if we came from New York, and if we often went to the Ice Show there.

In the history of that ride, as in the history of a love, it is hard to fix the point at which we finally threw away our misgivings. One road led to another; we couldn't believe that we could travel so far on an island no wider than the palm of your hand. Then we turned into a dark wood, and came out at our house—a pink house on a green cliff over the fading sea. A slender Negro girl met us at the door and asked if we'd like steak or lamb chops for dinner. Perhaps we were hooked right then.

Edna at once became my best argument for the British Empire. There never was a native less oppressed. That first evening she asked me how old I thought she was, and I guessed eighteen. "I'm thirty-nine," she said, with a blinding invidious smile. "I've had an easy life." She spoke a wonderful literary West Indian English—she spoke it three times during dinner to her husband, who kept calling her on the telephone and urging her to hurry home. She didn't slip from her verbal elegancies until the end of the third conversation, when she said, "Well, all right, Dan," and hung up. We exchanged glances over this discordant echo of Harlem, but she had us even there. It turned out that her husband's name was Dan.

After dinner Edna stayed around just long enough to say that it must be nice to live in New York and see the Ice Show. Then she strolled off along the cliff to the house where she lived with Dan, a house just as pink as ours and considerably bigger. We sat outdoors drinking Scotch and watching the big free show—the décor clouds, the Production Number moon, the distant dance of lightning over the ocean. We assured each other that it had to rain next day. But it didn't rain next day, and it didn't rain for a month; or if it did, it lasted two minutes, with the sun out, and several showy rainbows.

Our house was a bit to the west of the Coral Beach Club, where the smart tourists come to swim and drink. In the mornings we played tennis at the club, but we liked to swim from our own beach under the cliff. We got to recognize the fish that lived around our reef: the yellow-and-black Sergeant Majors, the four small mauve and yellow numbers, the one big fish of iridescent blue. They wore their beauty carelessly and never hung around expecting tips. Underwater, all the sliding colours of the reef were held in key by the sliding green; when we came up to breathe, the orange umbrellas at the Club, the oleanders on the cliff looked dead and garish.

After lunch, we sometimes walked up the shore to the East—past the gaieties at the Club, past Elbow Beach where the Hamilton clerks come to swim on Thursday afternoons—to a strange place of desolation. Here the rocks made a miniature moon-landscape. Here were castles and moats and mountains, and the elegant bleached skeletons of rats, and pools of yellow water with tiny transparent fish jumping between them. One day when the tide was all the way out, we went down into a cave usually swirling with water and found the high chic of Fifty-Seventh Street—a pile of stones that the ocean had followed and smoothed into Henry Moore figures.

Sometimes we walked over the cliffs to the West, to a beautiful beach where the Negroes swam. One group of young men were always there, under the Tiepolo sky, doing tumbling acts that never quite came off, and playing a ball game the point of which was to throw the ball so wildly, into the water or the cliff, that none of the players could find it, let alone catch it. The king of the group was a godly youth with a battered straw hat for a crown. When *he* threw the ball it was forever lost, and they all went back to making their wobbly handstands.

Once a week we bicycled the three and a half miles into Hamilton to pay our grocery bills. Bicycling is a special pleasure in Bermuda: no one would dream of working at it, and even the little boys walk up hills. Our grocery bills, however, were no pleasure at all. The biggest single item was "Tandlins"; one week our Tandlins came to nine-pounds-twelve-and-four. I tried to ask Edna what Tandlins were and why we needed so many of them, but she put me off with persiflage about how much it must cost to live in New York and go all the time to the Ice Show.

On week days, Hamilton was just a pink and white town, with a surprising and rather appealing shabbiness after seven war years of no repairs. We would spin in through the irresponsible traffic of bicycles, American jeeps, and the railroad that runs along Front Street. When we had settled with the grocer and wired back to New York for another million dollars, we would stop to admire the displays of "Rat-Not," "Roach-Not," and "Snail-Doom," in the windows of the hardware stores. Then we would buy English cigarettes in round tin cans, have a

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THE WOMAN QUESTION

(Continued from page 86)

would be taken from him, and society would present him with a special title to proclaim his achievement. People would write books called *History of the Male*, or *Males of the Bible*, or *The Psychology of the Male*, and he would be regaled daily with headlines such as *Gentleman-Doctor's Discovery*, *Male-Secretary Wins Calcutta Sweep*, *Men-Artists at the Academy*. If he gave an interview to a reporter, or performed any unusual exploit, he would find it recorded in such terms as these: "Professor Bract, although a distinguished botanist, is not in any way an unmanly man. He has, in fact, a wife and seven children. Tall and burly, the hands with which he handles his delicate specimens are as gnarled and powerful as those of a Canadian lumberjack, and when I swilled beer with him in his laboratory, he bawled his conclusions at me in a strong, gruff voice that implemented the promise of his swaggering moustache." Or: "There is nothing in the least feminine about the home surroundings of Mr. Focus, the famous children's photographer. His 'den' is panelled in teak and decorated with rude sculptures from Easter Island; over his austere iron bedstead hangs a fine reproduceion of the "Rape of the Sabines." Or: "I asked M. Sapristi, the renowned chef, whether kitchen-cult was not a rather unusual occupation for a man. 'Not a bit of it!' he replied, bluffly. 'It is the genius that counts, not the sex. As they say in *la belle Ecosse*, a man's a man for a' that,' and his gusty, manly guffaw blew three small patty pans from the dresser."

He would be edified by solemn discussions about "Should Men Serve in Drapery Establishments?" and acrimonious ones about "Tea-drinking Men"; by cross-shots of public affairs "from the masculine angle," and by irritable correspondence about men who expose their anatomy on beaches (so masculine of them), conceal it in dressing-gowns (too feminine of them), think about nothing but women, pretend an unnatural indifference to women, exploit their sex to get jobs, lower the tone of the office by their sexless appearance, and generally fail to please a public opinion which demands the incompatible. And at dinner-parties he would hear the wheedling, unctuous, predatory female voice demand: "And why should you trouble your handsome little head about politics?"

If, after a few centuries of this kind of treatment, the male was a little self-conscious, a little on the defensive, and a little bewildered about what was required of him, I should not blame him. If he traded a little upon his sex, I could forgive him. If he presented the world with a major social problem, I should scarcely be surprised. It would be more surprising if he retained any rag of sanity and self-respect.

"The rights of woman," says Dr. Peck, "considered in the economic sphere, seem to involve her in competition with men in the struggle for jobs." It does seem so indeed, and this is hardly to be wondered at; for the competition began to appear when the men took over the women's jobs by transferring them from the home to the factory. The mediæval woman had effective power and measure of real (though not political) equality, for she had control of many industries—spinning, weaving, baking, brewing, distilling, perfumery, preserving, pickling—in which she worked with head as well as hands, in command of her own domestic staff. But now the control and direction—all the intelligent part—of those industries have gone to the men, and the women have been left, not with their "proper" *work* but with *employment* in those occupations. And at the same time, they are exhorted to be feminine and return to the home from which all intelligent occupation has been steadily removed.

There has never been any question but that the women of the poor should toil alongside their men. No angry, and no compassionate voice has been raised to say that women should not break their backs with harvest work, or soil their hands with blacking grates and peeling potatoes. The objection is only to work that is pleasant, exciting, or profitable—the work that any human being might think it worth while to do. The boast, "My wife doesn't need to soil her hands with work," first became general when the commercial middle classes acquired the plutocratic and aristocratic notion that the keeping of an idle woman was a badge of superior social status. Man must work, and woman must exploit his labour. What else are they there for? And if the woman submits, she can be cursed for her exploitation; and if she rebels, she can be cursed for competing with the male: whatever she does will be wrong, and that is a great satisfaction.

The men attribute all the ills of *Homo* to the industrial age, yet accept it as the norm for the relations of the sexes. But the brain, that great and sole true Androgyne, that can mate indifferently with male or female and beget offspring upon itself, the cold brain laughs at their perversions of history. The period from which we are emerging was like no other: a period when empty head and idle hands were qualities for which a man prized his woman and despised her. When, by an odd, sadistic twist of morality, sexual intercourse was deemed to be a marital right to be religiously enforced upon a meek reluctance—as though the insatiable appetite of wives were not one of the oldest jokes in the world, older than mothers-in-law, and far more venerable than kippers. When to think about sex was considered indelicate in a woman, and to think about anything else unfeminine. When to "manage" a husband by lying and the exploitation of sex was held to be honesty and virtue. When the education that Thomas More gave his daughters was denounced as a devilish indulgence, and could only be wrung from the outraged holder of the purse-strings by tears and martyrdom and desperate revolt, in the teeth of the world's mockery and the reprobation of a scandalized Church.

What is all this tenderness about women herded into factories? Is it much more than an excuse for acqui-

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BERMUDA . . . NEW VIEW

(Continued from page 126)

drink on the terrace of the Ace of Clubs, or in the courtyard of the Windsor Hotel, and laugh ourselves sick over the fantastic Arrivals and Departures listed in the *Mid-Ocean News*.

Our favourite ride was out the South Road to Flatts, a little town about halfway between Hamilton and St. George's. Just outside Flatts, a rich American with no cringing fear of ostentation had built himself an enormous house, a Venetian boathouse over the clear green water of Harrington Sound, and an ornamental arch and pleasure-dome—all in the spirit of eighteenth-century architectural folly. Next came two handsome villas, built a hundred years ago as summer and winter houses by a man with a similar grandeur of fancy. And then the town of Flatts, marzipan-coloured, a sluice of turquoise water through the centre.

Tuesday and Thursday nights, when Edna went to the movies with Dan, we took a flashlight and stumbled over the land-crab holes down to the Coral Beach Club. There, on the open terrace slung out over the ocean, we had dinner and drank the excellent South African red wine. This was almost our only contact with the fashionable tourists. We always had a table next to a party of *jeunesse dorée* from the States. They talked endlessly, hopelessly, around one topic: why they didn't have sons to leave their money to, why they always had daughters. Their innocent upperclass prattle made a pat counterpoint to the innocent upperclass music of the band.

The band was the least instinctive group of Negro musicians I ever heard anywhere. The pianist played with the dogged precision of a good child practicing scales; the accordion player went in for Debussy dissonance; the rhythm-man shook his maracas like an old lady clanking her bracelets. They played mostly Cole Porter tunes. Once in a while, to please the Americans, they would try "The West Indian Blues" or some other Calypso number; but always they went back to "Night and Day." Good jazz, alas, is usually the product of desperation; to play as badly as they did, they must, like Edna, have had an easy life.

One Wednesday afternoon I overheard Edna telling her mother about a movie that she had seen the night before. (Edna's mother did our laundry, but she could not be called a laundress. She did the laundry the way that the Malmaison set milked cows, as a sort of aristocratic gag.) The movie was called "I Walked with a Zombie," and Edna was explaining what a Zombie was, and demonstrating how a Zombie walked. She and her mother were both amazed by the primitive superstitions of Hollywood.

The great exception to the rule of Bermuda cats, who live by their wits, sauntered into our lives the night we arrived. He was a fat black cat with a tidy white front and glaring white sports shoes. He came strutting along the cliff like a prominent clubman who has just dined well, gave us one disinterested glance, and went on his way. He repeated this routine three evenings straight, each time passing a bit closer. On the fourth evening, he accepted a bite of chicken; on the fifth, a lamb chop. Within a week, he had moved in on us, eating enormously and snoring, and we knew him for the plausible old bum and grifter that he was. Edna was scornful of the way we had been duped, but I think she slipped him Tandlins on the sly.

He disappeared two days before the B.O.A.C. was scheduled to make us disappear. Edna reported that he was doing his act for a new audience of Americans in a house half a mile up the cliff. But it is our theory that he went off as deputy to the general dream and we'll see him one of these nights at the Ice Show.

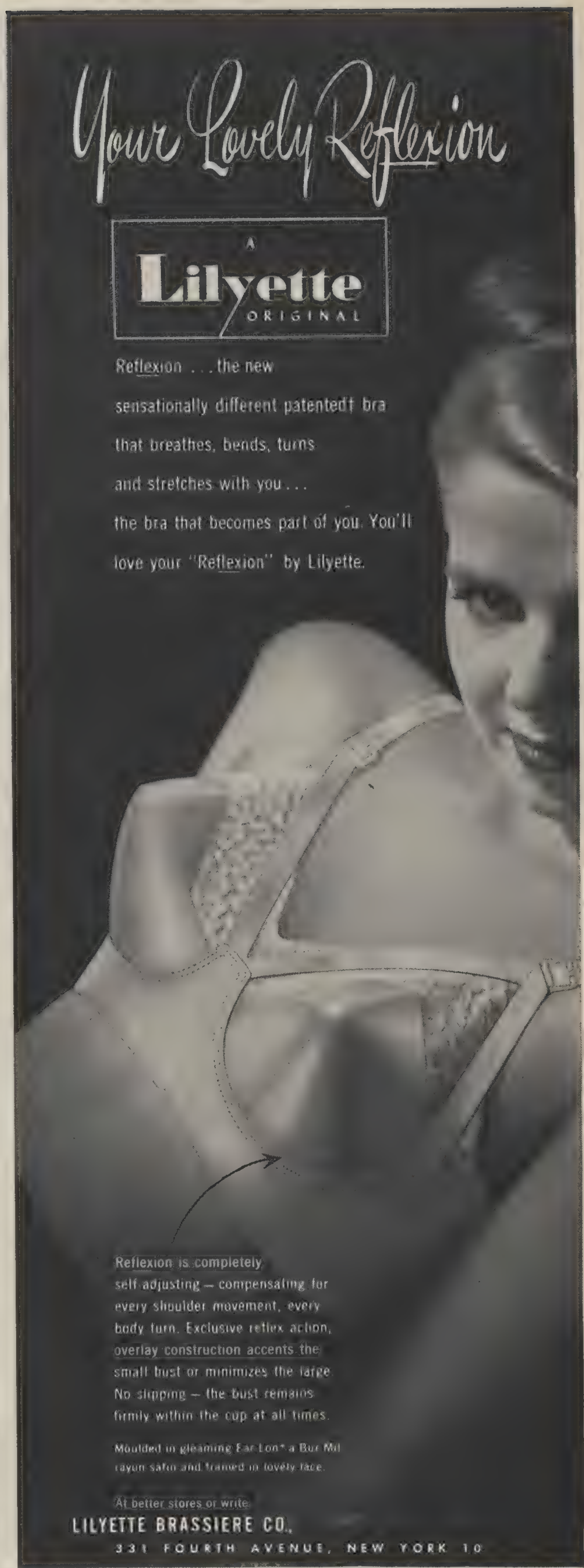
THE WOMAN QUESTION

(Continued from page 128)

escing in the profitable herding of men? The wrong is inflicted upon *Homo*. There are temperaments suited to herding and temperaments that are not; but the dividing lines do not lie exactly along the sexual boundary. The Russians, it seems, have begun to realize this; but are revolution and blood the sole educational means for getting this plain fact into our heads? Is it only under stress of war that we are ready to admit that the person who does the job best is the person best fitted to do it? Must we always treat women like Kipling's common soldier?

> *"It's vamp and slut and gold-digger,*
> *and 'Polly, you're a liar!'*
> *But it's 'Thank you, Mary Atkins'*
> *when the guns begin to fire."*

We will use women's work in wartime (though we will pay less for it, and take it away from them when the war is over). But it is an unnatural business undertaken for no admissible feminine reason—such as to ape the men, to sublimate a sexual repression, to provide a hobby for leisure, or to make the worker more bed-worthy—but simply because, without it all *Homo* (including *Vir*) will be in the soup. But to find satisfaction in doing good work and knowing that it is wanted is human nature; therefore it can not be feminine nature, for women are not human. It is true that they die in bombardments, much like real human beings: but that we will forgive, since they clearly can not enjoy it; and we can salve our consciences by rating their battered carcasses at less than a man's compensation. But, men say, women are not human. They lie when they say they have human needs: warm and decent clothing; comfort in the bus; interests directed immediately to God and His universe, not intermediately through any child of man. They are far above man, to inspire him, far beneath him, to corrupt him; they have feminine minds and feminine natures, but their mind is not one with their nature like the minds of men; they have no human mind, no human nature.



†REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. *T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

ILLUSION IS THE KEY

(Continued from page 85)

a clock striking.

Rarely does one find a writer of Truman Capote's generation who shows, at the beginning of his career, those results which would seem to come only with maturity. Such early flowering is more characteristic of the poet than of the prose writer. Perhaps the explanation is that his prose is a poem, that his mind is the poet's mind, emotional, intuitive, visionary. Like the young Shelley, he has seen, in *Miriam*, the bird that never was, the spiritual entity.

In the same O. Henry collection, John Berryman's *The Imaginary Jew* shows the Jew himself as the imaginary being. We only imagine him. Among the fleeting impressions of nature, no entity of Jew is given.

Newton Arvin's *Introduction* to Hawthorne's *Short Stories*, while purportedly concerned only with Hawthorne and his relations to others, might well be taken as a description of the present drift toward the moral tale of the irrational. Arvin describes his themes in terms which might apply to our most thoughtful writers now—the almost metaphysically abstract, the psychological romance.

MARIANNE HAUSER

Human life oscillates, as Hawthorne showed us, between constraint and unreason. Marianne Hauser's *Dark Dominion* is a psychological romance employing this and similar themes to show the misery of estrangement, of separateness.

Marianne Hauser was born in Strasbourg, Gustav Doré's city, and grew up in the shadow of an old Gothic cathedral. To a modern novel, she has brought the imagery of an ancient past, woven throughout in one texture. She is the European in America, bringing to our own scene her rich inheritance, synthesizing, analytical. Her novel shows her keen, original eye, her avid sense of life. It is an artistic novel, beautifully written, controlled by moral purpose though it explores a miasmic mental vegetation, a waste land. The abstractions here are not narcotic nor combined with sentiment. They sweeten no evils. They evade no dread issue. The dreamful vehicle, though grotesque, is dominated by a writer who, writing with swift-paced excitement, never sacrifices her coldly moral, coldly critical sense. From first to last, the author's programme is as inexorable as that of a scientist in a laboratory. In the midst of richness, she weighs, measures, balances. She considers the status of fable in the mind, the creative or the impotent.

The scenes of this novel shift like a cinema—at one moment we are in the Swiss Alps, at another moment in a New York psychoanalyst's snowy, glacial office. Out of the patients' distraught and distracted confessions of night thoughts, there emerges a Tower of Babel, a mosaic of lies as our definition of life. Disregarding gravity, the author builds her Tower well—and when it falls, there is no surprise but our surprise to see the inevitable.

Marianne Hauser's imagination is cosmopolitan, civilized, critical. Her tale is told with figures of speech like formal designs on old tapestries, deranged but formal images. The same objects are shown in many curious aspects. They are reflected upon and change their nature, since here the concern is not nature so much as invention and distortion. Perspectives are important, and the sense of light is perhaps stronger than that of darkness. Miss Hauser skirts the perilous abysses, considers chaos, but never loses control of precise principles, for her plan is not that of groping.

The intricate thematic setting for this clairvoyant pageantry, staged like a Renaissance play or like a frenzied but mathematical dance, provides space for every contingency. Night thoughts are made visible by bold, courageous strokes. The ludicrous peripheral characters are mixed with these. The hunch-backed Swiss village is part of the setting, as is the New York shoe store which becomes an Arabian palace of mirrors.

Other critiques of illusion concern, however, war as well as peace. Robert Lowry's *Casualty* is a strong, sensitive study of the spiritual desolation caused by war which was caused by spiritual desolation. Wesley Towner's *The Liberators* is a tragi-comic study of our blatant American Army in a Germany shadowed by phantoms, by illusions like that of self-love. A symbolic international circus provides the one solidarity, defective though it is, concerned more with horses than men.

A novel to watch for—Paul Griffith's *Jacob Hightower*, toughly surrealistic, something of Mark Twain, something of Baudelaire. Through a bawdy frontier community, there strolls a sleepwalking horse, symbol of the community in the desert.

Literature has been defined as a monument to lost intuitions. By that definition alone we see the difference between the individual writers, such as I have mentioned, and those who write in deathly conformity to a set of rules. There is always a pharisaical prejudice against the ugly duckling who, we remember, was a swan.

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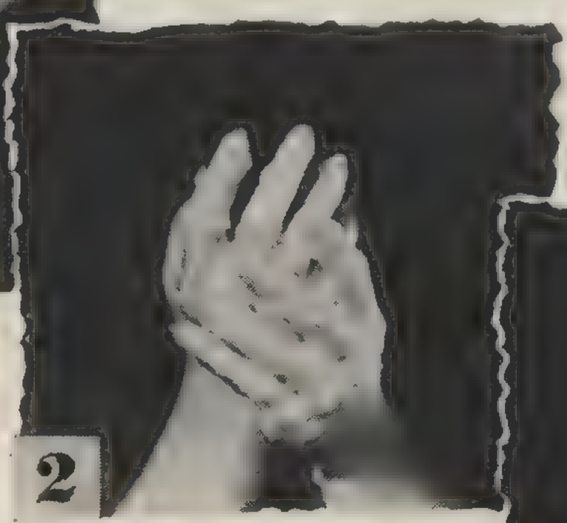

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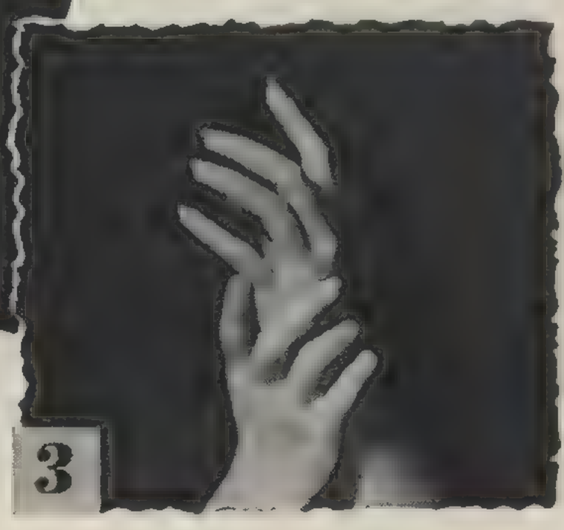

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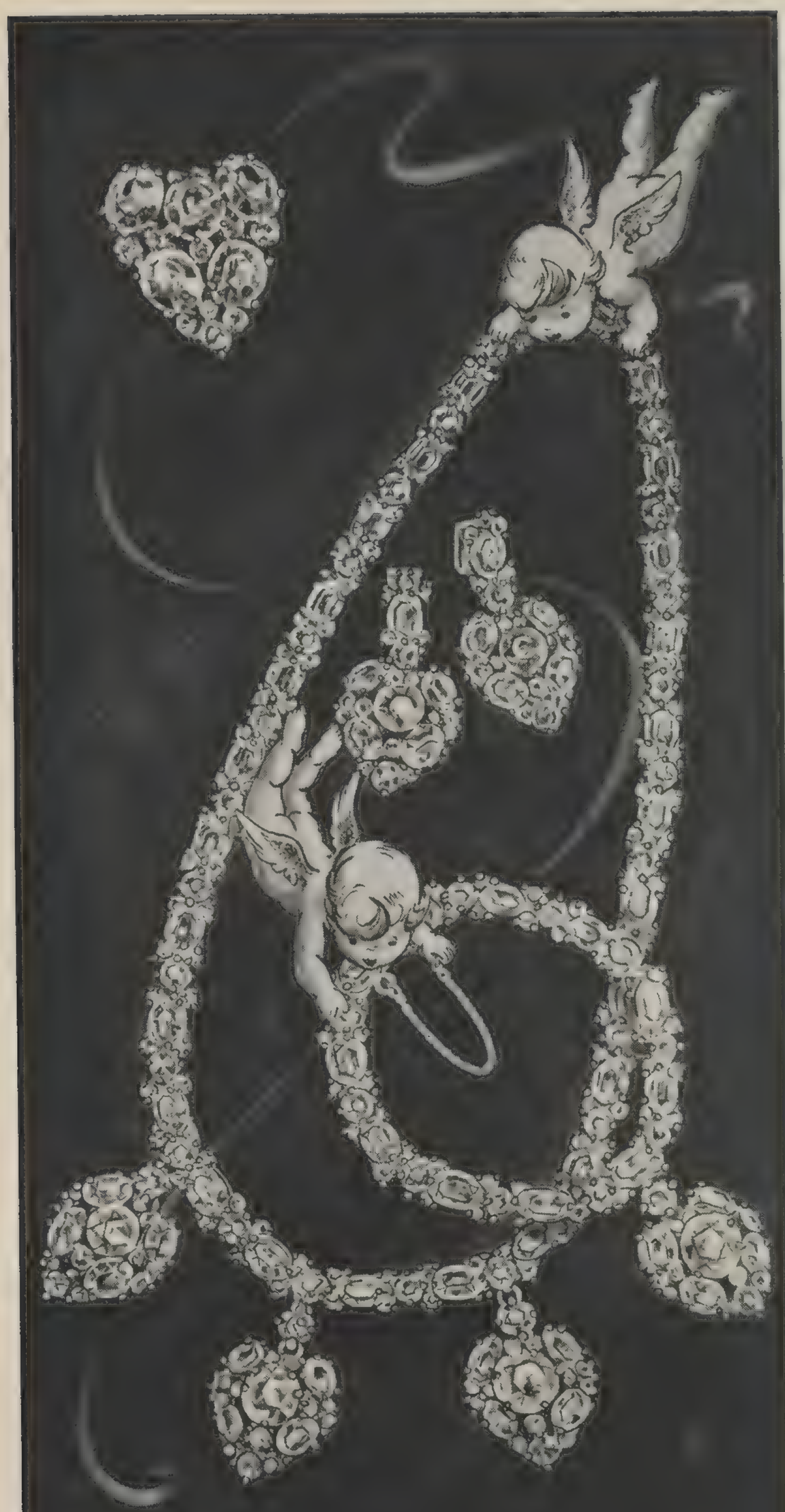

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POLAND

(Continued from page 87)

"I would talk freely to you, but our friend here doesn't want to talk in front of me. Why should I talk in front of him? I know exactly what's on his mind. He wants to tell you about the Russians," the government employee explained in English, which the soldier-driver did not understand. But all the time he kept his eyes fixed intently on us, trying to decipher our conversation. "Today in Poland," he interrupted deliberately, "nobody knows whom he is talking to."

The young man continued in English. "I told you. He's right too."

Here were two people who had fought the same war on the same side in the same army and were now back in the country they had jointly liberated. Yet there they were openly admitting that they distrusted each other. The government employee left us to get some cigarettes at the buffet.

The soldier leaned toward me. "We're not free here; take my home town, for example. I'm a Pole and my family is Polish but if we wished to stay there we would have to declare ourselves Soviet citizens. Those people that took it over are Asiatic and we're European." I gazed at his Mongolian cheekbones and remarked the eastern accent in his speech. But there was fierce pride in his dark eyes as he repeated, "We're west and they're east."

The other man had returned and was standing behind me listening and shaking his head. "I told you that was on his mind. But if I were to tell you now that the present Polish government is the first progressive government this country has ever had; that all it's trying to do is to educate a backward people, who all talk like that—most of them don't even read or write, but they listen to Fascist propaganda. If I were to tell you all this in front of him in Polish I would not be sure of my life. Do you realize that we have lost 20,000 people since the liberation—simply ambushed in the woods, by people who talk the way he does?"

"But this fellow is no Fascist or reactionary," I interrupted. "He fought on your side in Russia. He's not one of the Anders men who you say are at the bottom of the disunity in the country."

There was no sense in further talk. I believed both men when they said, "Nobody knows whom he is talking to in Poland today."

One was honestly afraid of the armed bands that roamed the woods, the other had just as much cause, if not more, to fear the security police.

Next day I hired one of the few *drozhkas* remaining in the city and asked to be taken to the section that had been the Warsaw Ghetto. The horse was as skinny as its driver, who was a blackened peasant with wrinkled face and dripping nose. The sight of ruins no longer impressed me. Stone lying about aimlessly was dead and cold. Then, suddenly, even the ruin ended. What lay ahead was utterly flat. A basically sweet, sickish smell rose. Not a person was in sight, only an indescribable stillness. Stretched before me was a city of the dead.

"Thousands of them were burned alive in the houses," the driver said, as he noticed me sniffing. "Yes, that's where a lot of the little Jews died. They're here under the rubble, that's what the smell is." The air was thick with the sickly sweet smell and fine white ashes flew about in the dusk.

We came to Nalewky Street, not really a street now, but I remembered it as it had been. One of the busiest, most populated streets in Warsaw, with store on top of store, factory next to workshop, with pious Jews in their black robes and curly sideburns running about their business. This had once been the metropolis, the centre of Jewish life in Europe. Poor, persecuted, fanatic, they had been unrelenting in their struggle for their existence. Here the finest artisans of Poland, the bootmakers and quilt manufacturers, the leather salesmen, and fine seamstresses had worked late into the night. Scholars of the Talmud hunched their backs over the holy scriptures sixteen hours a day, and taught the sons of Mordecai and Shmuel how to become men on their thirteenth birthday. Nalewky was the street of Shalom Aleichem's people, the great Jewish humourist who knew their sorrows and their joys and shared them as this street did. It was a long and winding street leading to similar streets all ending at the Jewish cemetery.

Now all was ashes, rubble, silence and the sweet air. Not even a tree would grow here now. The horse's hooves were the only sound. "Yes, it used to be busy here," the driver said. "They moved 500,000 of them to this place. From many countries they came. They fought hard when the Germans set it afire." He rubbed his nose with his finger. "The whole city was ablaze for three days and three nights when the Jews were burned." The horse slowly stopped of his own accord, now as if in awe of trampling on what once was life. He neighed mournfully in the stillness. The driver began to pull gently on one rein. "That's all, the rest is the same."

I had one more bad moment on the way to the station that night in the UNRRA car, when the driver suddenly announced to me: "You know, lady, we're being followed." Then he said, "But one always is followed after ten o'clock in Warsaw, don't worry."

This was my last evening in Warsaw. The next morning at Zebrzydowice the customs people were polite. They again copied the entire contents of my passport but no one turned me back for investigation. I got off to wash my hands at the station. There was no washroom, but the proprietor of the little buffet let me use his kitchen and brought out a pail of clean water. When I took out my Army towel he took one look at its khaki colour and said: "A nice lady like you can not use such a dirty towel. You better use this." He handed me a soiled white linen cloth.

I looked up at his friendly Polish face lit up by a broad smile.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: *Edith Sulkin wrote* Journey into Limbo, *the book from which this article was taken, after months of travel in post-war Europe for the United States International Book Association. It will soon be published by Reynal and Hitchcock.*]

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BRITISH MOVIES

(Continued from page 89)

storm: a triumph of cinema, as impressive as a sea story by Conrad. The success of this method, always loosening in its detail and coming nearer to personal relations, led to such life-like fictions as "The Way Ahead"; "Millions Like Us"; "Nine Men"; "In Which We Serve"; and "The Way to the Stars." Here was the first fluent and, one might say, unanimous creation of cinema England had known.

The point about these films, and a dozen more, is not merely that they give a true picture of life, but that in doing so they rouse and satisfy. They represent, in fact, as the syrupy fiction can not, an attitude to living and to the art of the cinema. Their drama is not predetermined. "Go and experience: find your story, don't impose it!" might sum up, from the director's point of view, this more responsible attitude, which seeks, not so much to take people out of themselves, as to lead them to self-discovery. So far as English films "challenge" anyone or anything today, they do it on this ground.

I can not overstress the *imaginative* stimulus supplied by such an attitude to what—taking film makers as a whole—is a money-making (and losing), fuddle-headed, studio-bound community. (The activities of a Rank or a Korda, which belong primarily to a history of finance, have comparatively little to do with it. They are backers, not initiators.) The effect on English films—on all English films, and on the way we ourselves respond to them—has been incalculable. Without that stimulus not one of the films mentioned would have come into existence, and on them must be based the claim that today England can produce films as good as the best of Hollywood, and inferior only to the best of France.

IMAGINATIVE REALISM

The top list of English films includes spooky farce and Shakespeare, social criticism, an exploration from suburban interiors to the wastelands of Australia, but the source of energy, the inspiration is the same. Reduced to its simplest terms it is this: the camera is an instrument for recording reality, and should be used as such. I don't mean that all films should conform to a pattern of imaginative realism—heaven forbid!—but that is the norm. Too long or too far an estrangement from it will induce a wild-goose-chase after fancies. If you have seen "Henry V," you will no doubt have noticed that its appeal as cinema depends on its vivid to-and-fro in an Elizabethan theatre and on the battle scenes, which outvie (in this medium) even Shakespeare's occasionally magnificent words. That the whole piece moves beautifully but too slowly is inherent in the choice of subject.

The better the film the more important the influence exerted by the director. At the moment English films are still being carried forward by the impetus of the discoveries and aims I have been discussing. Their future lies with the directors. They may be divided into three kinds. First, the makers of pure documentary, a compact school working along narrow lines. Invention is to them abhorrent; they photograph, they marshal and instruct.

A sense of social responsibility and a packed expository style distinguish the work of Paul Rotha ("World of Plenty"), while on the æsthetic side, Humphrey Jennings' "Listen to Britain" and "A Diary for Timothy," beautifully, but at times tenuously, refresh the eye and ear.

The second group, split off from the above, has introduced documentary standards into the feature film. Here is fiction as it has been envisaged by Zola, Gorky, and other realists of print: real—or seemingly real—people and situations caught in the unending life-struggle. Pat Jackson ("Western Approaches") and Harry Watt ("Target for Tonight," "Nine Men," "The Overlanders") are the most talented of these realists. At their best they produce electrifying effects, and their war films are inseparable now in memory from the war itself. It remains to be seen how far they will ride the (dramatically less sustaining) peace. It was enough then to indicate a man, any man or woman, caught by the terrors of circumstance, but now we must know that man or woman better.

Then, thirdly, the directors with a story and without a school. Among older names, Antony Asquith ("Quiet Wedding" and "The Demi-Paradise") has style, wit, malleability, a pretty turn of satire. Thorold Dickinson's "Gaslight" was striking enough for Hollywood to buy up, destroy, and vilely remake it—since when, however, his work has been disappointing. Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger, co-directors of "Colonel Blimp," "A Canterbury Tale," "I Know Where I'm Going," and "A Matter of Life and Death," which is called in the U.S.A. "Stairway to Heaven," seem to possess almost every cinematic gift except that of embodying a story worth telling. Sydney Gilliat and Frank Launder ("Millions Like Us" and "Waterloo Road") have, what is still a rarity in English studios, a flair for local colour and for the adventure in ordinary lives. And most efficient of his kind, Carol Reed has turned out, among thrillers and romances, a near-masterpiece, "The Way Ahead." All these are practical and successful men of the cinema, whose work provides the run of our better-class features.

More remarkable are the younger men, the individualists, those who have grown up to take the alliance of documentary and story for granted, and who give their imagination free play. With them slide away the last inhibitions of our badly self-conscious prewar cinema. David Lean's direction of the Noel Coward pieces, especially of "Brief Encounter," has been almost faultless. Laurence Olivier has walked into films with "Henry V," an achievement that speaks for itself. Roy and John Boulting ("Thunder Rock," "Desert Victory") combine technical brilliance with a command of fantasy, schooled since by experience with the war film units. And in Peter Ustinov, aged twenty-six, whose "School for Secrets" is enjoying a success, both critical and popular, in London, we have the kind of director our film history was bound to produce.

(Continued on page 142)

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BRITISH MOVIES

(Continued from page 141)

A word about Ustinov, since this first film of his will certainly be followed by others. His subject, in "School for Secrets," is the discovery and development of Radar, our top war secret; orthodox, if more than usually thrilling, subject for documentary. Ustinov tells the technical story very ably, with just so much detail and dramatization as is needed; and there, with the customary self-effacing glimpses of English behaviour, the film might have rested. But Ustinov, first and last, is a dramatist (he has two more-than-clever plays to his credit), and in this film one finds, not only Radar, but a ripe and almost rolling comedy of the men who make the discoveries. There was no need for him to go so far, any more than there was for Shaw, in "Pygmalion" to adorn a tract about phonetics with some of the gayest farce in the language; but he has done it, and obviously he couldn't help himself. He has all Coward's brilliant sleight-of-hand and an imagination that will carry him, I believe, a good deal further.

And what has England, launched at last on celluloid, to offer the film-maker? Our unexplored towns, the countryside, our history, our love of eccentrics, our humour (rather more rooted than that of Mr. Wodehouse and *Punch*), our melancholy, our passion for snobbery and social change, a new generation of directors, writers, and musicians who have grown up with the film, the legend-making ability to conjure up a Sherlock Holmes or a Jack the Ripper out of London lamplight and fog, and the tradition finally that, with or without box-offices, persists in distinguishing Shakespeare from Ella Wheeler Wilcox and Delius from Mr. Ivor Novello. England—as the world goes today—is a contracting nation in the process of discovering itself for the first time since the Industrial Revolution.

My abiding impression, as a disinterested viewer, week after week, of films from France, America, Russia, and elsewhere is that in serious quality we now hold our own but that we fall very far short in the general run of entertainment. Hollywood pours out a stream of glittering amusement that "goes" as they say, anywhere, from Minnesota to Shanghai. That conquest has been achieved after years of plugging and at the expense, I believe, of American native sap and talent. But it is hot, contagious, with a cosmopolitan lure no English film industry would ever hope to smash or creep after. There is a tendency at the moment, where the cash lies, to pretend we can smash or creep, or somehow achieve a wonderful mixture of the two. We should do very much better to mind our own business: which is what the intelligent, young and energetic section of English film-makers have been doing for the past ten years.

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PARIS QUICK NOTES

(Continued from page 92)

with a low, white-fur covered bed, and an air of clutter-neatness. The walls are loaded with prints, with photographs of Baudelaire and de Musset, with Picasso sketches of Cocteau, with a sculptured head by Lipschitz. On a stand is a large carved blackboy, about as large as Charlie McCarthy. Cocteau winds him up and the blackboy sings and smokes a pipe and both look enchanted. All the doors in the apartment are blackboards on which Cocteau writes memos and telephone numbers, and his promises to appear at parties, studios, publishers.

He is spry, with a thin-pointed face like a beautiful terrier, and his dark hair, streaked with grey, springs back from his face like a halo. He has handsome, bright eyes, a long thin nose, and a mouth so unsensual that it looks like a line. His hands are really beautiful—long, thin, formed like articulated jewellery.

During luncheon he said: "I am old, tired, and sick," and "I can't work anymore." He only talks about two things: Cocteau and Orson Welles, both of whom he believes are geniuses. His preference is the former. His eyes wander uneasily when anyone gets off these two subjects.

He is a remarkable man, perhaps not important in the long run and his run is almost over, but his kind of brilliant facility, of nervous energy in the arts, his rather unthinking, non-philosophical but stimulating ideas still are unique in Paris, London, and New York. He has been an international battery charging up motors, in poetry, plays, novels, films, ballets, painting, stage décor. His facility in a way has been his ruin—no one takes him seriously enough in any one field.

Jean Marais, for whom Cocteau wrote "The Eagle with Two Heads," told us that the play was written to order. Marais's specifications were simply this. He wanted a play in which he would listen, then cry for joy, and finally fall down a flight of stairs. In "The Eagle," he spends almost the whole first act actively listening, in the second he cries loudly for joy, and in the third, he falls down the stairs.

FOUR JOBS TO BREAK EVEN

IT IS HARD to buy good books as the editions are small and quickly sold out. At the great publishing house of Gallimard, which first discovered Gide, Valéry, Eluard, Sartre, and Camus, they showed a simple set of Proust's *In Remembrance of Things Past*, hard to find in a French edition. Gallimard refuses to sell it, but it would go for 40,000 francs if sold. (At the legal rate in dollars, this is about $325.) Three or four of the younger editors say that the inflation is so high that practically

(Continued on page 144)

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PARIS

(Continued from page 143)

everyone in the editing, writing world must have three or four jobs to break even. Most of these men were in the Resistance, and are still passionately concerned with freedom. The concern now seems to have settled on freeing the American Negro from American prejudice. The whole Negro question is much discussed; about seven books, in French, are being published on this subject.

EVERYONE talks of André Gide, the god of French letters. At his sixth-floor apartment, one goes hastily past the cold foyer into a small, square, boiling-hot room, in which Gide sits in a small chair holding court for his friends. He looks like a great man. A square face, with deep carved grooves beside his nose and mouth. Behind his thick-rimmed glasses his eyebrows trail down like mistletoe on the solid tree of his face. This seventy-three-year-old man made a superb picture in the dying light of that dim room, as he sat with his back to the unshaded window. On his head rested a strong-minded black stocking cap, with the point at right angles to his head, and by an optical illusion it seemed that balancing the cap was the golden dome and spire of *Les Invalides.*

Gide said that at the instance of Jean-Louis Barrault he not only had translated "Hamlet," but had also dramatized "The Trial," by Franz Kafka.

SARTRE, AN INFLUENCE

JEAN-PAUL SARTRE is a powerful influence, especially since his three plays, *Huit-Clos, Les Morts sans Sépulture,* and *La Putain Respectueuse,* are three of the biggest hits. Every night he meets his friends at the bar of the Pont Royal hotel. This is no Bohemian café. It is like a shining Ritz bar on the left bank, and here Sartre drinks dry Martinis. Later, he gave a talk to some students of the Sorbonne. It was in a little hotel in a soiled dining room where some forty or fifty boys had crowded. They looked like extras for a movie about the Maquis. Tired young faces, white, eager, thin—all needing special health supervision.

Sartre, short, broad, about thirty-eight, with thick glasses, sat at a small table and talked about the theatre. He spoke with extraordinary clearness and force, without confusion or metaphysics, or trailing ends of Existentialism, or roundhouse sentences. Everything was straight and direct. Speaking without notes and for one hour, he told these boys his theories about the theatre.

His thesis is simply that the drama now must be one of situation and not of character; that life is a series of choices and the way one chooses determines one's character, not the other way around. Actually, Sartre is a philosophical essayist who uses the theatre to put forth his ideas and is not interested profoundly in character. He spoke of only four playwrights: Anouilh who wrote "Antigone," Camus who wrote "Caligula," Simone de Beauvoir, and Sartre. Nothing personal, just theatre.

(Continued on page 145)

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PARIS

(Continued from page 144)

All this fascinated the boys, who hardly moved, even when he was witty. They laughed but kept the pose. Truly the professor, he later asked if there were any questions. A hot-faced, pale boy, whom everyone later called *"ce type,"* threw the room into a fury by immediately asking a question about Communism. An hour later, Sartre, who is a Socialist, patiently was trying to get the boy straightened out, but it was no use. No matter what the starting point, politics gets into all conversation, and usually the Communist question.

WHEN the *Chambre des Députés* met for the last session of the Third Republic, it took only fifty minutes. It seemed like the wink of an eyelash and the Third Republic was dissolved and the Fourth began and still there was no government actually at the head. We arrived just as the drums of the *Garde Républicaine* beat a furious tattoo sounding like the end of Ravel's "Boléro." The bayonets of the *Garde* were raised and the officials of the *Chambre* passed under them, like a West Point wedding party. The only speaker that historic afternoon was an old man, with a long drooping white moustache, the *doyen d'âge* of the Assembly, seventy-seven-year-old Marcel Cachin, the Communist leader. During the first minutes there was the usual inability of audiences to concentrate on the speaker, but as he warmed up, the interest grew, even as he read aloud Premier Bidault's resignation as well as that of the whole Cabinet. When he mentioned electricity, everyone laughed. Later Cachin wrapped himself up in the French equivalent of what an American politico would do with the Flag or Democracy. He went into a burst of love for "Paris, the Universal City, Paris and her beauty." This brought forth enormous enthusiasm. At certain points in the speech, only the 166 Communist members applauded, but most of the time he was approved by all five hundred. To finish off, he shouted, *"Vive la France, vive la République."* The Communists—all 166—stood up, then everyone did, and the Third Republic was over....

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THE GREY FLANNEL SUIT ON PAGE 114

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Los Angeles, Calif. . . J. W. Robinson Co.
Milwaukee, Wis. Smartwear-Emma Lange, Inc.
Minneapolis, Minn. . . . The Dayton Co.
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St. Louis, Mo.
Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney, Inc.
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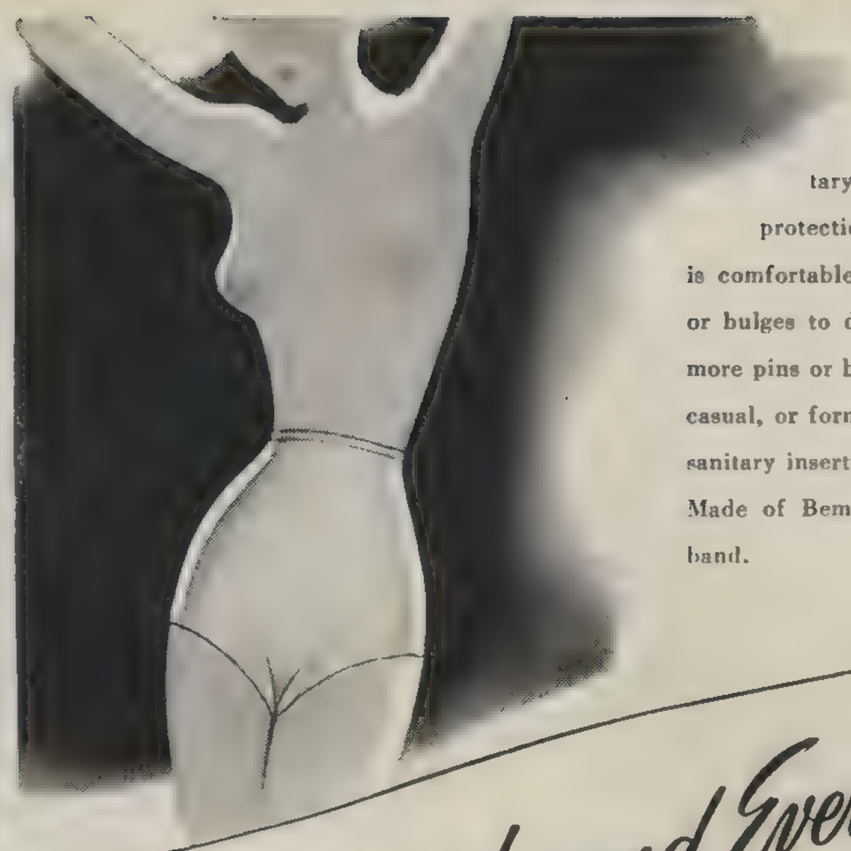

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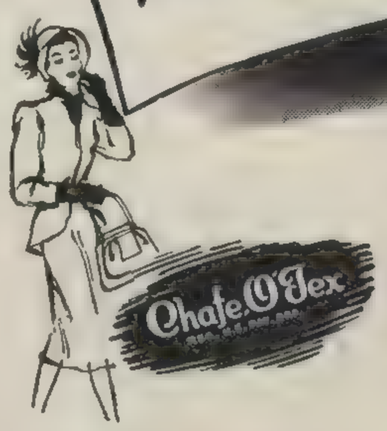

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HENRY MOORE

(Continued from page 81)

form of the hillside from which the stone had been quarried. Like Shelley, he seems spontaneously to personify the forces of Nature, to notice no cleavage between the organic and the inanimate. To some extent we all share this sensation; do we not talk about the shoulder of a mountain, the foot of a cliff, the arms of a river?

In some of his recent work Moore has, however, developed a new interest in what may be called the human situation.

During the war he was commissioned by the State to make a series of drawings in air-raid shelters (also some in coal mines). Very surprisingly to those of us who had followed his previous work, and with outstanding success, he employed classical draperies to express his vision of the shelterers in their tragic plight. Some of these coloured drawings—he has a very personal sense of colour—might be illustrations for Dante's *Inferno:* long perspectives of recumbent figures pressed shoulder to shoulder and thigh to thigh, cruelly without privacy in a claustrophobic underworld; men and women sleeping beside their children, reminding us of Mantegna by their anguished and fore-shortened heads and the folds that mould their uneasy frames. No realism here; yet no other artist in any country has, so far as I know, come near to expressing so fully the pity inspired by the lamentable victims of scientific war.

Another most fortunate and well-timed commission encouraged Moore to persevere in this return to humanism. The Madonna and Child that he was invited to carve for a church near Northampton (England) must be accounted one of his finest works, as it is also certainly the most approachable. No recourse here to the idioms of another age, Romanesque or Gothic or Renaissance; no self-conscious modernism either; but a marvellously majestic and luminous statue that reveals, without a touch of the sentimentality which disfigures most modern religious art, the traditional conception of a woman who has been chosen to be the Mother of God. So impressive is this image that if it were in an Italian church I can conceive of its being credited with miraculous powers.

Moore's latest work is a group in which he has undertaken the particularly difficult task of relating two adult figures and two children. Here he has taken much greater liberties, departed much farther from representation, than he could have done in a work designed for a church. I feel here little of the disquieting quality which emanates from so many of his earlier figures, with dwarfish heads surmounting colossal frames. Henry Moore has recently become for the first time a father, and perhaps this group may have flowered from a new sense in him of the family as the fundamental pattern in human life.

Moore has always been passionately interested in shapes as such, in three-dimensional form for its own sake. Sometimes this has led him to

(Continued on page 147)

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HENRY MOORE

(Continued from page 146)

make abstract works, among them some remarkable objects in which taut lines of string are used in contrast to the subtle modulations of the carved wood. He is always peculiarly sensible to the specific character of the material he is using; he varies his rhythms according to whether he carves wood or stone; and he never uses wood or stone, as many good sculptors have done, to mimic the skin and hair in which the human body is clad. He gives to his material qualities not imitative of, but parallel to, those he has responded to in his model. Here he will contrive a shape that possesses the elastic strength of flesh, here another that exploits the girder-like hardness of bone. For whereas much contemporary painting and sculpture reveals a preoccupation with geometrical forms, Moore seems to abhor any suggestion of rigidity and to pursue always organic forms with their suggestion of striving and life. This signal preference makes him essentially and passionately a romantic artist.

Confronted with one of his works, let the imagination send the hand sliding over the delicate variety of valleys and hills and caves, notice the warmth of the sculptor's appetite for his material, for the grain of wood, for the differing textures of the stones he carves. Having thus made contact with his craftsmanship, one begins to find oneself sympathizing with the vision that this craftsmanship makes palpable. Great art can spring only from a happy marriage between imagination and technique.

Moore is now aged forty-eight: that is to say, he is mature as an artist, though probably he has not yet attained the summit of his achievement. (Sculptors, like painters and musicians, but unlike writers, can reasonably hope to go from strength to strength till the end of their lives.)

One reason for the scarcity of good sculpture in the modern world is that there is so little demand for it. Most sculptural masterpieces have been produced for a particular purpose to take a place in some architectural scheme. Unluckily genius today is even more rarely to be found among architects than among sculptors; and, moreover, the recent trend in architecture has been towards a puritanical distrust of ornament. They like to conceal the function of a church or a town hall, a museum or a school, under the disguise of either a hospital or a factory. But a reaction against this confusion of thought is gaining strength. And I look forward to seeing some great new building of which carvings by Henry Moore will be an integral part. Sculpture, until it can renew its intimacy with architecture, must remain the Cinderella of the arts.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: *The two Moore sketches on pages 80 and 81 appear through the courtesy of Curt Valentin of the Buchholz Gallery, publisher of* The Drawings of Henry Moore.]

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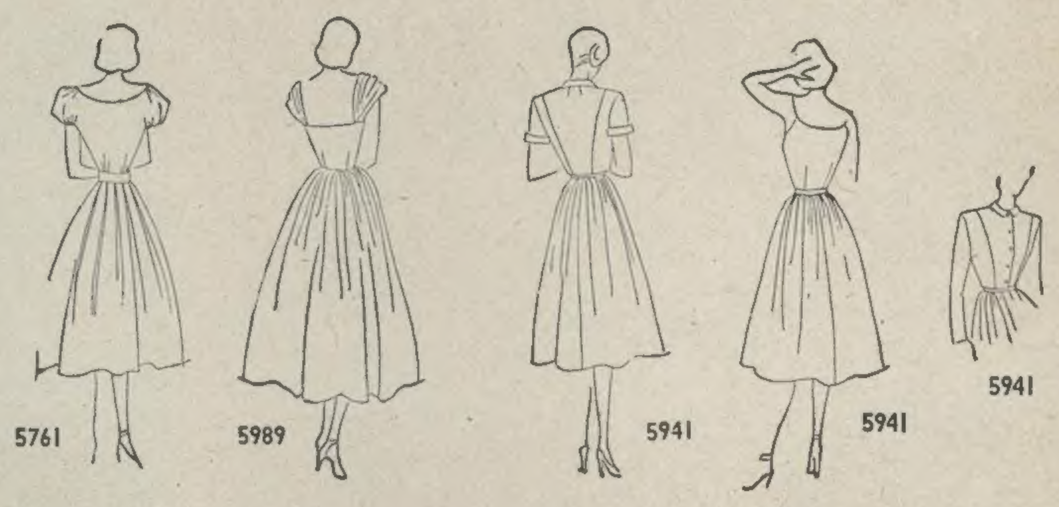

ADDED-FACT views of the Vogue Designs for Dressmaking shown on pages 104-105. All come in sizes 12 to 18 (30 to 36). Three are "Easy-to-Make," No. 5989, No. 5761, and No. 5941, which has a jacket buttoning straight up to its collar. The jacket, short to the waist, has long sleeves or brief cuffed ones. No. 5978, dress to make two ways, long or half-long; with its own jacket, sleeveless, collarless, snug to the waist, springing out a scant inch below.

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